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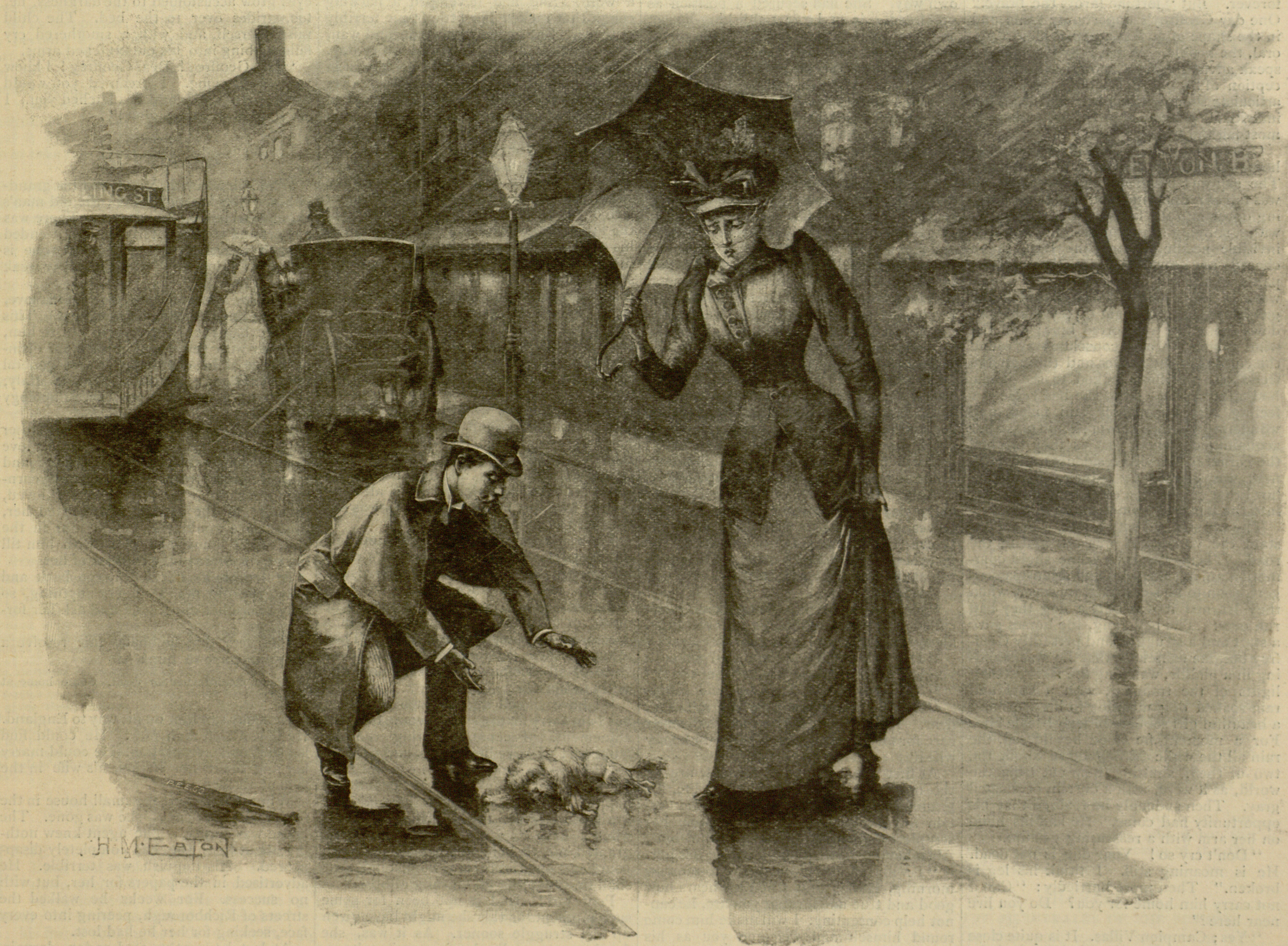

THE ACCIDENT TO CAPORAL.

EXPIATION.[*]

BY HENRY HUGH.

[*This Story is Complete in This Number.*]

CHAPTER I.

THE famous sculptor, Geoffrey de Vigue, always said he owed his fame to Caporal, the French poodle. There had been two turning-points in his career, and in both of these Caporal had been the unconscious agent of forwarding him along the path of destiny.

Geoffrey's friends said it was coincidence; but Geoffrey himself never would acknowledge but that it was fate, that the dog and he were instruments merely in the hands of a great power that was working out the salvation of two lives.

The history of Caporal and his master is somewhat uncommon ; hereunder is their story recorded—the lives of a man, a woman and a dog.

It happened in this wise :

Overhead a sky like ashes, streaked fantastically with innumerable intertwining columns of sooty smoke, from which a perpetual rain of dun-colored and almost impalpable dust filtered down through the heavy atmosphere; a sky murky with the grime of a hundred factories by day, lit with a tint of sullen red from a thousand furnace mouths by night; a city over which there hung, by day and by night, a somber and leaden pall, blotting out the fair face of nature from her toil-worn children ; a city in whose narrow streets, down there amongst the tall crowded buildings, men and women trampled on and spurned each other in the daily struggle for gold. Such was Richborough. All day long and far into the night, the hours were beaten out to the rhythm of a myriad whirring wheels, whose throbbing was never for one moment stilled; all day long thousands of palefaced men and women toiled on, week after week, year after year, to bring gold into the coffers of men already sated with gold—toiled on, waiting for the day when the high factory windows should grow dim to their weary eyes, when the jarring of the wheels in their ears should still, and they themselves should toil no more.

No one lived in Richborough who could possible live outside of it. The wealthy mill-owners and manufacturers had built unto themselves stately villas, outside the city limits, where the sky was sometimes blue, and in the bright spring mornings one still might hear the blackbird's call come ringing sweet and mellow from the rain-washed thickets. One of the prettiest suburbs of Richborough was Fairfield, which lay about two miles from the parent city, to which it was connected by a line of cars. Here lived many local magnates, and, chiefest of them all, in a great, gray-gabled mansion, surrounded by some fifty acres of park-land and a high stone-wall, known as Fairfield House, dwelt General de Vigue. The general was a very rich man, had a large interest in the great banking-house of Barton & de Vigue, and was, moreover, an aristocratic, highly connected, conservative and most obstinate old gentleman. His frequent attacks of gout had not by any means improved a naturally violent temper. His grandson Geoffrey knew this very well, and feared him accordingly. He and his grandfather did not get on too well together. The old man had set his heart on Geoffrey's becoming the head of the banking-house and insisted upon his going daily into Richborough to learn the routine of the business. Now Geoffrey's soul loathed banking; he was an artist to his finger-tips, his great wish being to become a sculptor. His mother had been an Italian, and from her he inherited his passionate southern nature and his love for beauty. But although a good, warm-hearted and clever fellow, he was weak, lamentably weak, as shall be shown hereafter.

Every morning, at half-past eight, Geoffrey de Vigue took the horse-car, outside the lodge-gates, and was carried down into Richborough, and every morning, as they passed the corner of a certain small road, deformed by a row of cheap and hideous villa residences, the car stopped and took as passenger a dark, tall, beautiful young girl. This young girl was always accompanied to the corner by a smart French poodle, with the air of a soldier, erect and military, who seemed to say with every glance of his keen dark eyes, with every sensitive twitch of his coal-black muzzle: · "I am here to protect and defend my mistress. Hands off—or beware!" This dog was Caporal.

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For many a day Geoffrey observed this strange pair, and wondered who the girl might be, what was her business in the great city, what her joys were and her sorrow, and unconsciously, for she was beautiful and he was young, he grew to think more and more of her every day. He cast about in his own mind how he might make her acquaintance, and could find no opportunity, for she was reserved, and carried with her rather of the air of a Sainte N'ytouche, and he felt it would not do for him to address her, or he would assuredly lose his chance forever. But "fortune favors the brave." One day Geoffrey's opportunity came and in the shape of no less a person than Caporal, the poodle. When I say "person," I speak advisedly, for Caporal, with the exception of his one deficiency, the lack of articulate speech, was a wise and thinking individual, a most sapient companion, a most faithful friend.

One evening, then, Geoffrey was coming home on the car, the fair unknown also. The sky was black and gloomy; the air was full of a thin, fine rain, that came slanting down into the faces of foot-passengers with a stinging sensation, as of a thousand invisible needle points; the little drops chased one another down the window-panes of the car, criss-crossing in a network of tiny rivulets, through which the gas-lamps and the light of the shop-windows shone like a distorted blur; and the wind moaned in a disconsolate way round the corners of the houses and through the tree-tops. Geoffrey looked to see if she had an umbrella. Alas, she had! He was feeling very melancholy and foiled, and wondering whether he ever should make her acquaintance, when, just as they reached the corner by the villa residences, the darkness was divided by a long, shuddering howl that cut, with a despairing intensity, into the hundred sounds of the night.

The car stopped with a jerk. In an instant the young girl was out and in the road. There was even some slight commotion among the tired and sleepy passengers, soon to be set at rest, however, when they learned it was only a dog they had run over. The bell rang, the horses gave a start and a struggle, and presently Geoffrey became conscious that he was standing in a puddle, watching the fast-receding lights of the tram-car, with a limp and rain-soaked dog moaning in his arms and a beautiful girl sobbing bitterly beside him. For a moment he stood bewildered, the rain all the while drifting down about the two of them, shutting them out from the world, as it were, with a curtain of sheeted gray. Then suddenly he realized that his opportunity had come. He laid his hand on her arm with a reassuring gesture.

"Don't cry so! Your dog is not dead. He is moaning still. I think his leg is broken." Then more hurriedly: "Can I not carry him home for you? Do you live near here?"

"Yes; Campion Villas. It is quite close by. If you would be so kind?" And she looked up at him with a world of thanks and gratitude in her dark eyes.

"Of course I will. We ought to get him home and warm at once, and I can see how much he is hurt."

"Come, then." And with a quick, imperious gesture, she led the way.

They walked on in silence together through the rain. Geoffrey blessed the dog. He could hardly realize his own good fortune. Presently the girl paused in front of a small, semi-detached house, and, producing a latch-key, opened the door, and in a moment they were standing together in a tiny hall. Then up a flight of stairs and into a small, prettily furnished room.

She took the dog from him and tenderly laid it upon the sofa. At this instant there came a smart, tapping noise along the passage, and with a cry of: "Is that you, Hilda?" a small, bright-eyed child, of some twelve or thirteen, entered the room. She was lame and used crutches, and Geoffrey noticed a pinched look of suffering on the young face that smote him to the heart.

"Oh, Hilda, what is it? Is Caporal hurt? Oh, my poor, poor dog! Do you think he will die?" Then, piteously turning to Geoffrey, the while the dog painfully turns his head and strives to lick her hand: "Tell me, will he die? Can you save him?"

"I don't know, my dear child. I hope so. I have a friend who knows all about dogs, whom I will fetch. If any man can save him, he can." And presently, putting aside the thanks of the two anxious maidens, he has let himself out and is running for the veterinary surgeon.

Luckily, he found that gentleman at home, and he pronounced Caporal's hurt quite curable, and in the course of a few weeks, indeed, effected the cure. Meanwhile, Geoffrey called often to inquire after the dog, that soon became very much attached to the young fellow, and gradually he grew to be looked upon as a friend, too, by the two girls, who had so few friends in all that great city. He soon learned their story. Hilda Bessenger's father had been rich, but, owing to unfortunate speculation in stocks, ruin had suddenly overwhelmed him, and he had taken the coward's course and committed suicide. His two motherless daughters were left almost penniless. Hilda was proud, and rather than accept the patronizing charity of certain well-meaning but officious friends, she had come here to Richborough to try to make her own way. She had secured a position as proofreader in a large publishing-house, and her salary, eked out by too frequent drains upon her fast dwindling capital, served to keep the small household from actual want. She was, so she told Geoffrey, writing a book—a novel—for which Lewis & Co., the firm she worked for, had promised her something, should it be at all up to their standard; and she had great hopes of being able to earn a good living in that way. Besides, the doctors had said Alice, her little lame sister, must go away south, if possible, that winter, out of the English damp and cold, to Italy or France, and she was in hopes that this novel she was writing would give her the wherewithal to take the child. Geoffrey and she soon became great friends. Every morning he would find her and the poodle waiting for him at the corner, and often, too, he would go home with her for an hour in the evenings and talk to little Alice, carrying her small presents of flowers and books. For toys the child cared not, being older than her age, save and except for her greatest toy and perpetual delight, Caporal, whom she loved with an almost feverish intensity, and who never left her, save to accompany Hilda to the car and meet her evenings.

And so the summer went on, and in the early days of September, when all the leaves were taking on their garb of russet-brown, Hilda and Geoffrey awoke to the fact that they loved each other. One evening at the gate he spoke to her:

"Hilda!"

"Yes, Geoffrey!" Unconsciously she called him by his name, as did the child always.

"Hilda, I think you know—I am sure you know—that I love you. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Geoffrey." Very low and softly.

"And I think you care for me, too, dear. Hilda, I care for no one, shall never care for any one but you. Will you be my wife?"

At first she would not consent, urging the inequality of their stations in life, his grandfather's probable opposition and certain anger; but at last he overcame her scruples, and after a talk far into the night, Alice having been put to bed, he left her.

"I will tell my grandfather to-morrow morning, Hilda; and when he hears how good and true and lovable you are, he cannot help consenting. I will make him come round himself and welcome you as his grandchild. Until the morning, then, sweetheart, good-bye;" and he was gone.

The next morning she was up early, waiting at the gate, but time wore on and he never came. All that day she waited, but no Geoffrey. He had bidden her good-bye that night, and in her heart she felt the good-bye was fated to be forever. His grandfather had given him the choice between her and his wealth, and he had chosen—the very thought choked her—not her, but the money! Poor girl! Her very heart was breaking, and yet she went about her daily work with a cheerful face, and answered as best she could the inquiries of the child as to Geoffrey's whereabouts. On the third day there came a letter with the London post-mark:

"My Darling: I saw my grandfather. He is furious. He will never consent. He would cut me off altogether if we met again. He insists upon my going to Italy. What can I do, Hilda? I am entirely dependent upon him. We must try to forget one another. It is best for us both. You must try to forgive me—better still, forget me. Good-bye. Yours, Geoffrey.

"I think my heart is breaking, Hilda. I love you so, and yet I cannot come to you."

She put this letter away and never ceased to love him, even after the cruel way, the cowardly way, in which he had treated her. And he was happy, so he told himself, in Italy; and her heart was slowly breaking in England. For a woman never forgets.

CHAPTER II.

The good old adage tells us that troubles never come singly, and poor Hilda was soon to learn the truth of this. She worked on mechanically for some months after Geoffrey went away, and then, one day, when her small capital was down to the last few pounds, Lewis & Co. failed, and all her hopes went with them. She had to give up the small house at Fairfield, though it grieved her to the heart, for the child's sake, to do so, and to move into two little rooms at the top of a high building in the city. For a while they managed to subsist there on what she could earn by her needle, working far into the night. She had no time to write the novel now. Then that resource even grew uncertain; there were so many women out of work, so many competitors with her in the fierce struggle for existence, and she was hampered with the burden of a sickly child. Poor little Alice never complained; but she would be all day long on her bed, hour after hour, with her arm round Caporal, and hardly speak a word. She had developed a hacking cough that racked her little frame terribly at times. She grew more pale and wan, to her sister's intense distress, every day. The only pleasure the child took was in listening to the singing in the church over against their dwelling, whose large, painted windows rose almost at arm's-length from the tall and dreary tenement. At such times, when they were holding service within, and the blazoned windows were all aglow with light and warmth, shedding stains of blue and crimson on the eager face of the child as she listened, sitting at the high window with Caporal beside her, his eyes looking far out into the darkness, little Alice would forget her poverty-stricken surroundings and be happy. In those long weeks of sickness, distress and pain, the church grew to be a very real and tangible friend to her; and even the elder girl, when she came in, wet and weary, from a fruitless search after work, would for a moment forget her sorrows as she sat hand in hand with her small sister and listened, while the rich music of the grand old organ came swelling to her ears, carrying on its bosom the sweet melody of boyish voices; and her eyes would fill with tears, and her heart grow warm with the knowledge of an all-compelling love, an infinite tenderness, as she listened to the solemn music.

For a moment, the bare, little room and the cheerless darkness of a winter's night became transformed into some fairy vision, wherein she and Alice floated away on clouds of golden splendor, amidst the music of a thousand happy voices, in a dream of happiness and peace. Then would she hear the tones of that best-loved voice of all, seeming to whisper low and softly in her ear:

"I have sinned against love and you; but I am sorry for my sin. I come to make atonement. I come to bring redress. Hope on! I have been weak and wicked. I will be so no longer. There is yet time for us to be happy—divinely, beautifully happy. There are worlds beyond this world where, when I have made atonement, when I have expiated my sin, it shall be granted me to hold full communion with your heart once more, and where our spirits shall find together an eternity of bliss."

Poor girl! Had it not been for some such moments as this she might have given up the struggle sooner. As it was, she fought on manfully, hoping against hope, until at last, one cold, stormy, winter evening, starvation stared her in the face.

Their fire had gone out; she had no money to buy coals. Their rent was long over-due. Her little sister lay moaning on her bed in the corner. She had not tasted food that day, giving all she had that morning to the child. She knew not where to turn. She had been vainly seeking for work that day, and several days before, and she felt she had not the strength to seek longer. Was the end come, then? A dimness grew before her eyes; her brain seemed on fire. Mechanically she put her hand to her head. The noise of the streets outside, the wailing of the wind and the moans of the sick child seemed to mingle in one long, sobbing strain of uttermost despair. Suddenly Caporal rushed to the door, scratched at it and barked vigorously. The girl rose wearily from her chair and crossed over to him.

"What is it, Caporal? Is there any one outside?"

All his answer was a short, sharp bark. The child moved uneasily on her bed and cried faintly:

"Caporal!"

The dog looked wistfully across at her, and then resumed his scratching at the door. Hilda stepped forward and threw it open. No one was there. But Caporal, with a start and a scuffle, leaped through and in an instant had vanished down the stair and was swallowed up in the blackness.

She clutched at the banisters for support. What was this pain at her heart, she wondered, and called:

"Caporal! Caporal!"

No sound; no answer. The dog was gone!

At that instant the child began to cry for him, and would not be comforted. At length Hilda, at her earnest entreaty, put on her bonnet and shawl, and with a kiss and a hurried word or two of consolation, hurried out into the night.

There was no sound within the room save the occasional sobs of the child; no sound save the moaning of the wind outside. The darkness grew deeper and more intense as the minutes sped slowly on. The church clock chimed the quarter and then the hour. And now, at last, there comes a footstep on the stair, a noise of pattering feet outside. Then the door opens and Caporal rushes in, with gleaming, exultant eyes, and leaps upon the bed. A man's figure follows. He hesitates; then, as his eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, he, too, strides over to the bed. The child raises herself, and with a smothered cry falls sobbing into his outstretched arms.

"Oh, Geoffrey! Dear Geoffrey! I knew you would come. I dreamed you would come! And—Caporal has fetched you. I am so glad—I am so glad!"

CHAPTER III.

When Geoffrey de Vigue told his grandfather of his love for Hilda, the old man's anger was terrible to witness. There was a short and stormy interview, and it ended as such scenes always end, where one is strong and dominant and the other weak and pliable.

Geoffrey consented to give up his love, to go at once to Italy to study art. This was the bait the old man held out to him, together with threats of immediate disinheritance if he disobeyed. The general was victorious. Geoffrey went to Italy, after writing that one, poor, weak apology to Hilda.

For a time his fear of his grandfather held him. Then again and again his love would come back to him, with more and more frequently recurring accesses of yearning for a sight of the woman he still loved, in spite of the way he had treated her, whose face would rise before him in the still, small hours, and plead with him till his very soul was torn because of her.

At length he decided to go back and brave the old man's anger, anything, so only to see her once again and ask her forgiveness.

The very day he made this resolve a telegram came to him:

"Your grandfather is dead. Come home at once."

Next day saw him on his way to England. He was a rich man now. He could find her and make reparation. He could marry her and make her happy, his wife in the face of all men.

When he reached the small house in the row of villa residences, she was gone. The house was empty. The agent knew nothing about her; she had completely disappeared. His anguish was terrible. He advertised in the papers for her, but with no success. For weeks he walked the streets of Richborough, peering into every face, seeking for her he had lost.

At last he went up to London, despairing of his search. Then a sudden impulse prompted him to return to Richborough. But a few steps from the railway station he felt something tugging at his coat.

He looked down. It was Caporal.

In five minutes they were in the little chamber, and he had little Alice in his arms. He soon obtained help and assistance. In a very short time he was sitting, with Alice on his knees, in front of a roaring fire, while the kind-hearted doctor wrote out a prescription for her, and a waiter from a restaurant hard by was setting a warm dinner on the table, to greet poor Hilda on her return.

Just as the doctor rose to go there was the sound of a fall outside on the landing. The frightened waiter threw open the door. Hilda lay stretched in front of the threshold, her poor thin dress soaked through and through with wet; her dark hair, escaped from its bands, lying round her shoulders like a shroud, and yet withal a look of inexpressible peace on her pinched white face.

CHAPTER IV.

Some two hours later, she lay in a small, white cot, in the hospital, as they all thought, dying; but, whether because her great love kept her back, or that the intense desire of her soul drew her again to him from the dim borderland, she slowly rallied, and in a few days was pronounced out of danger.

Gradually and steadily her health came back to her. In the dawning of their new life, as it were, Geoffrey tried to tell her of his sorrow, of his remorse and pain, but she would have none of it.

"Dear, we are together again! That is enough!" she said.

For the past, it was the past. It was to the future that they had to look.

But when, one day in the early spring, Geoffrey softly asked her when she would be his wife, her face grew grave, and yet withal it was full of tenderness, as she answered him:

"Geoffrey, I have been thinking of this for weeks—all the time that I have lain weak and ill upon my bed—and I have made up my mind. What I want you to do for me is this: I want you, when you marry me, to be quite sure. I want no doubts—no action on the impulse of the moment. You pity me now; you are sorry for me; but, later on, who knows? Geoffrey, you say you love me. I want you to prove yourself. You are rich now. You can do as you please. Will you work—will you become a sculptor and throw your heart and soul into it—for my sake? And, then, in a year, or two years, maybe, if you come to me again and say: 'Hilda, I have done your bidding. I have won myself a recognition. I have tested my love, and found it firm and true,' then, if you still care to take me, I will come to you, Geoffrey."

He, knowing that he deserved nothing at her hands, and that this trial was, indeed, what most he needed, could but acquiesce.

"It shall be as you wish, Hilda. This shall be my expiation."

She would take no help from him, but he secured her a good position, which would enable her to live comfortably until his time of probation was over. She compromised with him so far as to allow him to pay for little Alice's being put to a good school. She herself and Caporal went to live in London; and Geoffrey rented a studio hard by and worked zealously, determined to win fame and his lady-love together or die in the attempt.

And so passed the first year; and the second was fast drawing to a close, when, one day, he came to her, famous.

His group of sculpture was the success of the year. The critics were unanimous in their commendation of his work. Nothing would please him but that she must come to the academy at once and see it. Presently, they were standing together before his group, a simple subject, done all in pure white marble. A fair young girl, with Hilda's eyes and low, broad forehead, clad in a loose Grecian robe, in the act of stepping forward, a smile of perfect welcome on her lips, bearing in her hand a wreath of laurel, as it were to crown some victor; at her feet, a dog—Caporal to the very life—his eyes upturned to her face in mute inquiry, one paw uplifted, as if impatient to be on; the whole instinct with a marvelous breathing vitality that stamped it as the work of a genius.

The girl drew in her breath. She had not thought he could do so well as this. Then gently he speaks to her:

"Dear, is it enough? Is the expiation complete?"

She turns to him, a wonderful love shining in the deep, glad eyes.

"If I am worthy, Geoffrey, and you want me, I will come to you!"

And so his expiation was accomplished.

THE END.

ONLY A GIRL'S HEART.*

A MYSTERY OF HADDON'S FERRY.

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

Synopsis of Previous Installment.

[Time: Shortly after the Mexican War. Place: Wilde County, in and about the Alleghanies. Scene: Haddon's Ferry, on the night of a terrific thunderstorm. Gabriel Haddon, the sexagenarian ferryman, while revealing to Gertrude, a lovely, fifteen-year-old girl, that she is not his grandchild but a foundling, is summoned to the death-bed of old General Slaughter. During his absence, in response to appealing cries of "Boat!" from across the river, Gertrude braves the storm and ferries across Sallust Rowley with his horse. She gives them shelter and food. Rowley, a lively chap of twenty, who is at once deeply enamored of her, confesses that he is eluding those who are in close pursuit of him for a deed which, he stoutly asserts, is not disreputable. Gertrude turns a deaf ear to the pursuers' repeated cries of "Boat!"]

CHAPTER III.

THE FLIGHT.

THE fugitive dropped Gertrude's hand and sank back in his seat, quite overcome with the reaction of excitement. His face was pale as death; his brow was bathed in perspiration; his frame shaking as with an ague fit.

The ferry-girl gazed on him with wonder and pity.

Now, "if pity be akin to love" on the one hand, it is allied to contempt on the other. Perhaps the youth, as he raised his eyes and caught the expression of her face, might have fancied that the maiden's pity was the nearer to contempt, for he suddenly exclaimed:

"I'm no coward! I declare I am not! But, you see, hanging isn't what it's cracked up to be. No, that it isn't."

"I do not think that you are a coward," said Gertrude, quietly, dropping her eyes.

"No, nor I'm no criminal, either. Upon my sacred word of honor, I'm not," he added earnestly.

"I am sure you are not," said Gertrude, readily.

"Though, I dare say, I do look like one," he observed, with a rueful sigh.

Gertrude could not forbear a smile, as she glanced at the open, innocent face of the youth, with its broad, full forehead, frank light-blue eyes, turned-up nose, soft, girlish mouth and smooth, beardless chin.

"No, no," she answered quickly. "You certainly do not look the least bit like a criminal."

"Why? Did *you* ever see one?" he inquired, lifting his eyebrows.

"No, I never saw one; but I can easily imagine that no criminal ever looked like you," she answered, with a smile.

"Do you know, now, that makes me feel quite happy? I declare it does! Well, now—"

Before he could add another word, the noise, that had ceased for a while, recommenced.

"*Boat!*" roared a chorus of voices from across the river.

"Set fire to your throats! Now, then, yell to your hearts' content! You won't get any boat to-night!" sharply exclaimed the stranger. Then, turning to the ferry-girl, he inquired: "Oh, I say, you don't mind their howling, do you?"

"Not at all," answered Gertrude.

"You are the very jolliest brick! All right, then; let them bawl to their souls' satisfaction."

"*B-o-a-t!*" roared the voices.

"Oh, go it! Don't stop in consideration of our feelings! We can find ears as long as you can find throats," coolly remarked the young man. Then, as if suddenly remembering something, he looked at the ferry-girl and exclaimed:

"Oh, I say, how did you find out that I am no criminal and no coward, much as I look and act like both, eh?"

"You neither look nor act like either!" persisted Gertrude.

"Oh, yes, I do! I know I do! I feel I do! Haven't I run away?"

"For some good reason, doubtless, which is neither criminal nor cowardly."

"But they say flight is always a sign of guilt."

"Not always; not in your case."

"Well, now, do you know you lift me right off my feet when you say that? But how did you find it out, that is what I want to know?"

"Oh, easily enough. When your pursuers reached the opposite side of the river and called for the boat, you pleaded with me, when you might have compelled me. A criminal and cowardly fugitive, under the same circumstances, would have insured his safety by binding me hand and foot, or locking me in the room to prevent me from crossing the ferry. You did not attempt to do anything of the sort."

While Gertrude spoke, the young man's eyebrows lifted themselves higher and higher, his blue eyes opened wider and wider, his lips fell apart, his whole countenance expressed the drollest astonishment.

"You said that before!" he exclaimed. "But, in the first place, I repeat, I never once *thought* of such a base and treacherous act. And, in the second place, if the father of fraud *had* suggested it to me, I would have *died* before yielding to such a temptation. Yes, ma'am. If you had chosen to refuse my plea and had gone across the water in your ferry-boat to bring the blood-hounds upon my track, I should have mounted my horse and tried to escape; but what could I have done with my tired horse that I had ridden all day long, against half a dozen men mounted on fresh horses, probably obtained from the last post-house on their road? I could have done nothing! I should have been brought to bay by my hunters before morning. But I would not have been taken alive to bring shame upon my family. No! I should have been a dead man probably by this time. There, don't let 's talk about it! It makes your flesh creep, I see!" he concluded with a slight shiver.

"*B-o-a-t!*" thundered a full orchestra of voices from over the water.

"*Encore!*" laughed the fugitive. "You are sure you don't mind their bellowing?" he inquired considerately of his companion.

"Quite sure," she answered.

"All right, then, let them bellow. It will do them good. Oh, I say, you *are* such a regular trump I 'd like ever so much to give you a kiss—but, oh! I beg your pardon. I declare I do! The words slipped out, upon my word they did! I wouldn't offer to do such a rude, impertinent, offensive thing for the world, under these circumstances; I declare, upon my honor, I wouldn't. You are not angry with me, I hope?" he eagerly inquired.

"No, I am not; but I trust that you will remember you are my guest," gently replied the ferry-girl.

"And your debtor for my life, too; indeed, I will remember, and I tell you what else I will do. I will marry you just as soon as ever I get out of this awful scrape—that is to say, of course, if you will have me; and I think you will when you know me better. I do, really! I 'm rather a good sort. I am, indeed! And I 'm *awful* rich! When I say 'awful' rich I know what I am talking about; for I have an immense property, and I know it is going to be a horrid bother to take care of it all. So I 'll marry you if you will have me, and you will walk into one of the finest estates on this continent. I declare you will? And you will deserve it, too, a great deal better than I do, who was born to it. You will be the mistress of the grandest old house in the country, you will, really—an old ancestral home built in the year 1648, and you 'll be an honor to it! You are such a regular jolly stunner—that you are! Now, you just think on what I have told you, that's a good fellow, and don't go marrying any other beat, and I 'll come straight back to you the minute I am out of this horrid mess, you see if I don't, now!" concluded the youth, rising and looking about himself.

"What is it that you want?" inquired Gertrude.

"My hat. I am going now. My horse has had a feed and a rest, thanks to your goodness—you are such a perfect trump—that I think he can take me another stage to-night. To-night—this morning, I mean. Look at the clock!"

Gertrude glanced at the time-piece and saw that the hands pointed to half-past three.

"Oh! I wonder—I wonder what keeps my grandfather?" she exclaimed, in dismay.

"I don't know, my dear girl; not having the pleasure of the old gentleman's acquaintance, much less the honor of his confidence, I can't say; but I know it is very fortunate for me that *something* keeps him! If he were here, he might take it into his grandfatherly head to go and fetch the enemy over the water. Good-bye, my dear! I am going now to get my horse and shall pass out through the alley."

"But—do you not wish to put on your own proper clothing?" inquired his young hostess, hesitating and blushing.

"Ah, no. The grandfatherly raiment makes a better disguise. Stay—bless my soul alive! I do believe I have left my pocket-book and all my money in the coat-pocket of my other suit. If you will permit me, I will go and get it."

Gertrude bowed assent, and the young man went across the passage to Gabriel Haddon's room, and soon returned, bringing what seemed to be a well-filled *porte-monnaie* with him.

"Here, my dear girl," he said, selecting three notes of twenty dollars each—"here I leave my wet clothes to get dry, and I leave this sum in payment of the patriarchal suit I wear away. Take it, if you please."

"No, no, no! Indeed, I cannot!" exclaimed Gertrude, shaking her head and putting her hands behind her.

"Oh, well, I will put it on the mantel-piece and put this brass candlestick down on it to keep it from blowing away. You have no right to refuse it, you know. And I have no right to wear away these clothes without paying for them, either," said the young man, suiting the action to the word and depositing the notes in the improvised bank.

"I do wish you would not persist in leaving that money here," expostulated the ferry-girl.

"Do you, my dear? You are such a tip-top, out-and-out trump! A number one, jolly stunner! Wouldn't Pat take a shine to you, neither?" he exclaimed in enthusiasm. "Don't know, after all," he added, contemplatively. "She might be jealous, this absurd Pat!"

"'Pat?'" echoed Gertrude, interrogatively.

"Yes, Pat—Pat Fitz! I say, she might be jealous and give *me* fits."

"Do you mean Miss Patricia Fitzgerald?"

"Yes, I mean Miss Patricia Fitzgerald, my imp of a cousin! We are *all* cousins in Wilde County, you know. I have not the slightest doubt in the world that you are my cousin also! In fact, you must be, if you are a native of Wilde County. Well, good night, Cousin Gertrude:

"'Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be to-morrow!'

And I 'm blessed if it isn't already to-morrow, too, as Pat would say! Look at the clock! So good morning, my dear girl! I am really off now. And now for the Summit, like a bird of ill omen, to carry bad news to a waiting bride! Anathemas! I hope Gerry won't strike me down dead with the black lightning of her eyes!"

"'Gerry?'" repeated Gertrude, in perplexity.

"Yes, Gerry Fitz—

"'From the glance of her eye
Shun danger and fly,
For fatal 's the glance.'

And I have got to brave it this morning. Pray for me, my dear girl! Pray that I may be delivered from death, the devil and Gerry's angry eyes."

"Are you talking of Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, *the bride-elect?*" inquired the ferry-girl, in a tone of awe.

"Just! I am talking of Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald, the bride-elect—'the queenly, dark-eyed Geraldine.' She is another cousin. What did I tell you? We are all cousins in Wilde County—we are all cousins in Virginia, I meant. Well, once more, good morning, Cousin Gertrude. I tear myself away. I go, like good King Arthur, of the legend:

"'To slay and to be slain.'"

So saying, with a melodramatic flourish, the eccentric traveller bowed himself out of the room.

In one minute afterward she heard his voice in the back-yard, expostulating with the bull-dogs, who first resented his intrusion there with deep growls of hatred and defiance; and then, as they recognized, welcomed him with glad barks of friendship and apology.

Two minutes afterward she heard him gallop through the alley and down the turnpike-road in the direction of the Old Red Sandstone Church.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FITZGERALDS OF THE SUMMIT.

On the same stormy night that witnessed the flight of young Sallust Rowley across the Wilde, the beautiful Geraldine Fitzgerald sat in her bower in Summit Manor House, wounded, sorrowful, indignant, awaiting the coming of her laggard bridegroom.

No purer, nobler race of men ever bore the honors of a long descent, or wore them with more grace and courtesy, than did the far famed and widely-scattered family of the Gherardini, or Fitzgeralds, a great house of remote Italian origin, now colonized all over the civilized world, who still honor as their feudal head the Irish Duke of Leinster.

More than two hundred years ago a brave cadet of that princely house, one Otho-Maurice-Gerald Fitzgerald, for some great service rendered the realm, received a royal grant of land and a munificent sum of money from Queen Elizabeth, with which he emigrated to Virginia, settled on his estate, and built an immense manor-house after the model of the strongest "seats" in the old country.

He brought with him as his bride a young lady of the noble Scottish house of Douglas, and in due course of time he became the patriarch of a numerous tribe of sons and grandsons, all of whom received royal grants of lands in the immediate vicinity of the Summit Manor; and daughters and granddaughters, all of whom married large landed proprietors in the neighborhood, until at length nearly the whole extensive tract known as the Wildes became the property of the Fitzgeralds and their connections.

The Summit Manor, however, descended

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in a straight line from father to eldest son, until about the time of the commencement of our story it came into the possession of Gerald Fitzgerald, one of the noblest, finest and most accomplished gentlemen of his race.

But "welladay!" as the old retainers say, all the other manors of the Fitzgeralds in Wilde County had "fallen to the distaff"—that is to say, that, failing male heirs, they had passed into the possession of a girl, the only daughter of Otho Fitzgerald, of Forest Lodge, the dark-eyed, queenly Geraldine, who, to keep the estates in the family name, had been from her earliest childhood betrothed to her cousin Gerald, second son of Maurice Fitzgerald, of the Summit Manor.

When Geraldine was but five years of age, she lost both her parents by a catastrophe. While crossing the Wilde in an open boat, they were overtaken by a sudden squall, capsized and drowned.

After their death, a search was made for a will, but none was found. None had been thought necessary to be executed at that early stage of their life's journey.

The Orphan's Court acted in the premises, and appointed the child's nearest of kin, her two uncles, Maurice Fitzgerald, of the Summit Manor, and Royal Greenleaf, of Greenwood, as guardians of the heiress and trustees of her estates. Royal Greenleaf, a wild bachelor, left the child entirely to the charge of her senior guardian.

All the Fitzgeralds had been Roman Catholics from the time when, a thousand years before, their Tuscan progenitors, the renowned Gherardini, had gone carpet-bagging into Ireland; therefore, the heiress of half a dozen manors must be educated as a Roman Catholic.

Maurice Fitzgerald was a widower, with two sons—Maurice, the heir of the Summit Manor, and Gerald, the cadet, heir to nothing but the Fitzgerald's ancient name and the Fitzgerald's dark Irish-Italian beauty, with no daughters, and with only a faithful old colored housekeeper at the head of his establishment.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, Maurice Fitzgerald resolved to convey his infant ward to Paris and leave her there to be educated in a French convent.

His second son Gerald he had long determined should be sent to West Point to be educated for the army.

And now, since getting the little heiress of many manors into his hands, he destined these cousins for each other. The fortune of Geraldine would make his portionless younger son much richer than his eldest son and heir.

As if to favor his project, the orphan child of five summers had formed a strong and passionate attachment, as infants will sometimes, to the handsome lad of fifteen. And when the farce of a betrothal was performed between these two and a tiny diamond ring was placed upon the finger of little Geraldine, she readily promised that when she should grow up to be a woman she would marry her dear Cousin Gerald, and no other.

The lad, on his part, laughingly yielded to his father's will in what he considered a mere comedy, but had thought enough to limit *his* promise with a condition: He would marry his cousin, when she should grow up to be a woman, if she should continue to love him.

Thus the young cousins parted.

The youth left home to enter the Military Academy at West Point.

The child was conveyed abroad. During the whole voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, Mr. Fitzgerald took care to impress upon the little one's mind and heart the solemn nature of a betrothal, and her duty always to think of her Cousin Gerald as her future husband, and the only one she ever could possibly marry.

And the infant as constantly answered, assuring him that she never would be so naughty as to think about marrying anybody else, and revealing her pathetic "innocence in ignorance" by such words as these:

"No, unky, I never will marry nobody but dear, darling, precious Cousin Gerald, not even a queen or a fairy lady."

"Early impressions are always the deepest and strongest, and I think the child will keep her promise and the woman will redeem it," said Maurice Fitzgerald, to himself.

When he left Geraldine at the Convent of the Visitation in Paris, he took care to have a private interview with the mother superior, in which he informed that lady that the infant heiress he had just left in her charge was betrothed to her cousin, a worthy son of the church, whom it was extremely desirable that she should marry, and that the child must be constantly kept in the thought that she must be as faithful to her betrothed as she was to her religion.

The mother superior promised to follow the instructions of Mr. Fitzgerald, and so the interview terminated, and the Virginian gentleman, having no further business in Paris, returned to his native country.

Years passed. The young cadet, Gerald Fitzgerald, graduated first in his class, and received his commission as a lieutenant of cavalry.

To make the most of a short leave of absence, he ran over to Paris on a flying visit to his little betrothed. He found her now a beautiful child, ten years old, and tall for her age. She had not forgotten him. She had been as faithful to his memory as any vailed votary in that convent to her Lord. And, oh, with what worshiping, adoring eyes the child looked up to him now, in the splendor of his young manhood, arrayed, too, in the handsome uniform of a cavalry officer, sure to attract the admiring eyes of childhood or girlhood!

He thought her the loveliest rosebud that had ever bloomed within convent walls, and he hoped that he would be able to wait patiently and keep faith like a true knight during the eight years that must pass before she should reach a marriageable age.

He returned home, and was soon appointed to a regiment ordered to Florida, where the Indian war had just broken out.

There he so distinguished himself for courage, skill and tactics that he soon rose to the rank of captain.

When the war was successfully terminated, he came home on a long leave and went abroad once more to visit his betrothed at her convent.

He found her now a most beautiful brunette of fourteen, so tall for her age that she looked full sixteen years old; and if she no longer looked up to him with the innocent, worshiping gaze of childhood, she dropped her beautiful eyes as her color deepened beneath his ardent gaze; for now he was really and passionately in love with her.

He lingered in Paris, visiting her every day. He was permitted to do so by the mother superior, for was he not her betrothed husband and a true son of the church? So he went to see her every day and stayed as long as he liked, and that was generally very long; for in the fervid exaggeration of his love he declared that he lived only in her presence, died as soon as he left her and came to life again only when it was time to revisit her. He lingered in Paris up to the latest day that he could stay with safety, and left only when he was forced to hurry away in order to reach his native country in time to report for duty at the expiration of his leave of absence.

When he reached Washington, he learned that war had just been declared against Mexico, and the whole country was arming for the conflict.

His regiment was ordered to join General Scott.

In Mexico the gallant young officer performed miracles of military skill and valor, made his name famous all over the country, and rose to the rank of brevet-brigadier-general. After the victorious termination of the war he was sent in command of an expedition against the hostile Indians of the Plains, whose turbulence kept him on active duty on the frontier for some years longer and, indeed, until an urgent letter from his father, informing him of the sudden death of his elder brother, from congestion of the brain, summoned him home. Then he asked and obtained leave of absence, and hastened back to his native State. He found his father very much shattered by the heavy blow he had received on the unexpected death of his eldest son, which Gerald learned had been occasioned by exposure to the rays of a burning August sun, while out riding on horseback.

To distract his grief the old gentleman proposed to go to France and bring back his young ward, Geraldine Fitzgerald, who was then in her nineteenth year.

Colonel Fitzgerald (for he was still called Colonel Fitzgerald at home, although he was a brigadier-general by brevet) would have gladly gone with his father on this mission of love had his short leave of absence allowed him; but it did not, nor would the gallant soldier ask for an extension of leave, while he knew that his presence was so much needed at his dangerous frontier post of duty. So in September the father and son parted—the father to go on his sea-voyage, the son to return to the Western plains.

If any circumstance could have consoled Maurice Fitzgerald for the loss of his eldest son, it must have been the finding of his queenly niece and prospective daughter-in-law.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, at nineteen years of age, was one of the most imperial beauties that ever lived in this or any other age or country; and, ah, she was not only imperial in presence but imperious in temper! Her form was unusually tall for a woman, but so perfectly proportioned that her every attitude and motion was full of majestic grace. Her features were cast in the purest Grecian mold; her complexion was like the tea-rose, pale and clear, save where it flushed faintly on the cheeks and glowed brightly on the lips; her eyes were large, deep blue and fringed with thick black lashes, that made them seem also black as night; her hair was long, black and lustrous and worn in heavy braids, partly coiled in a large roll at the back of her head, partly wound around and set a natural crown above her forehead. She still wore the convent-school uniform of black cashmere, with white collar and cuffs; but wore it with such grace and dignity they might have seemed regal robes.

Mr. Fitzgerald was very proud of his daughter-in-law-elect. Looking on her, he also thought that she would not only make his beloved son doubly rich with her wealth but very happy with her love; for it was apparent to Mr. Fitzgerald that this beautiful woman still kept the child's promise, still loved her handsome cousin.

But he did not thoroughly know her. She was, after all, but a brilliant young panther, capable of loving, adoring, yea, worshiping her betrothed husband so long as she believed herself to be the first object of his thoughts; capable, also, of wounding him unto death if her suspicion of his fidelity should be aroused.

As yet, nothing had occurred to disturb her confidence. Her faith in her betrothed was as strong as her love for him, and both were as strong as life and death. He was the one passion of her life.

She parted with the tender abbess, the only mother she had ever known, and with the kindly nuns, her companions for many years, and with her school-mates, who loved her well, and she left them gladly, without an instant's regret, because she was thinking only of her betrothed husband, caring only for him and going to him.

But, ah, disappointment awaited her at home! She was brought by her guardian to the Summit Manor House, where now his own old maiden cousin, Miss Maxima Rowley, had been induced to come and act as the chaperon of the young heiress, until such time as her marriage with Gerald Fitzgerald should enable her to dispense with such feminine protection.

But the bridegroom-expectant was not there to meet them, as they had confidently hoped that he would be. A letter met them instead, in which the writer informed his waiting betrothed bride that the Comanche and Apache tribes of Indians were again giving great trouble to the frontier settlers, and that he could not then ask for a furlough; a soldier's place, in the hour of danger, is at his post.

Mr. Fitzgerald was disappointed.

"Gerald ought to have asked for a furlough. He could have got one at once on the asking, but his chivalric sense of honor prevented him from doing so, I suppose."

But Geraldine was more than disappointed; she was embittered. Her lips quivered for a moment and then closed firmly; the tears sprang to her eyes, but were proudly repressed.

Mr. Fitzgerald saw the indignation, without perceiving the wounded love beneath it.

"It is Gerald's chivalric sense of honor, you know, my dear," he repeated.

"Colonel Fitzgerald should resign. There can be no earthly reason why the heir-apparent of Summit Manor should continue to wear—the *livery* of any government under the sun; for the uniform *is* a livery, a mere badge of servitude, after all. Gerald Fitzgerald, the heir of Summit Manor and my own betrothed husband, should resign his commission at once," she answered haughtily.

"An officer and a gentleman, as my son is, never resigns in time of danger! He resigns, if he pleases, when the danger is over!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzgerald, with stately courtesy.

But the next day, another letter came from Colonel Fitzgerald—a letter so eloquent of the soldier's noble love for his beloved bride that her anger was almost appeased, although he still talked of a long campaign in the Indian country and still set his duty above his love.

But when Christmas and New Year came and passed without bringing him home, her indignation blazed forth again, especially when her saucy little cousin, Patricia Fitzgerald, commonly called Pat Fitz, sang out:

"'Oh, a laggard in love and a "Quixote" in war
Is to wed the fair Helen of young Lochinvar!'"

Winter melted into spring, and spring bloomed into summer, before the Indian troubles were over and the faithful soldier was recalled home.

He hastened down into Virginia to see his betrothed, whom he had not seen for five long, tedious years.

Their meeting was a compensation for all the trying days of absence. He found her more imperially beautiful than ever. She thought him even more princely and heroic than the dreams of her fancy had ever pictured him.

Their marriage-day was fixed for the 16th of July. And this being settled, Colonel Fitzgerald left for the city of Washington, to transact some important business there, previous to resigning his commission as a colonel of cavalry.

The dark-eyed, queenly Geraldine now busied herself with preparations for her wedding. Her *trousseau* had been ordered from Paris, some months previous, in confident anticipation of the marriage, and she was daily expecting its arrival by the train of carriers' wagons that in those days did duty as "express" and communicated be tween the sea-ports and the interior.

At length, early in July, the long-expected treasures arived per bark *Mary Eliza*, from London to Alexandria, and were dispatched thence by wagon to Wildeville.

A letter from the Alexandria agent apprised Mr. Fitzgerald of what had been done, and that gentleman sent a covered cart to Wildeville to meet the wagon and bring the parcels on to the Summit.

The Summit Manor House was well named. It was a huge structure of old red sandstone, built somewhat in the form of the letter H, upon a lofty plateau overlooking the Wilde, about half-way down between Haddon's Ferry and the village of Wildeville. The grounds were terraced in front of the house, and planted with the rarest and most beautiful trees and shrubs. And both house and grounds had been lately renovated in honor of the approaching nuptials.

On the morning of the day on which our story began, a pleasant party of young people were assembled in one of the upper front-chambers of the manor-house, whose open front-windows commanded a most magnificent view of the Wilde River and the Eagle Roost Ridge beyond it.

The youthful party consisted of the bride-elect and her bridemaids, all chosen from among her nearest relatives and best beloved friends, and all gathered here, by previous arrangement, on the eve of the wedding-day.

The beautiful, stately, dark-haired Geraldine sat at one of the windows, with her elbow leaning on the sill, her head resting on her hand, and her gaze absently fixed on the winding bridle-path that led down the Summit to the Wildeville Turnpike. She was very carelessly clothed. She wore a rich loose wrapper of maize-colored India silk, embroidered with gold, and lightly folded around her regal form. Her long, shining black hair flowed freely, rippling down her shoulders. Her feet, thrust into cool India-satin slippers, rested on a foot-stool.

She had been trying on dress after dress from the costly *trousseau* that had arrived that morning. She was very weary of it all, as it lay beaming and glowing in heaps upon the bed, upon the tables, upon the chairs and upon every available place in the splendid disorder of her chamber; and she was weary—oh, how weary!—of waiting for her lagging bridegroom.

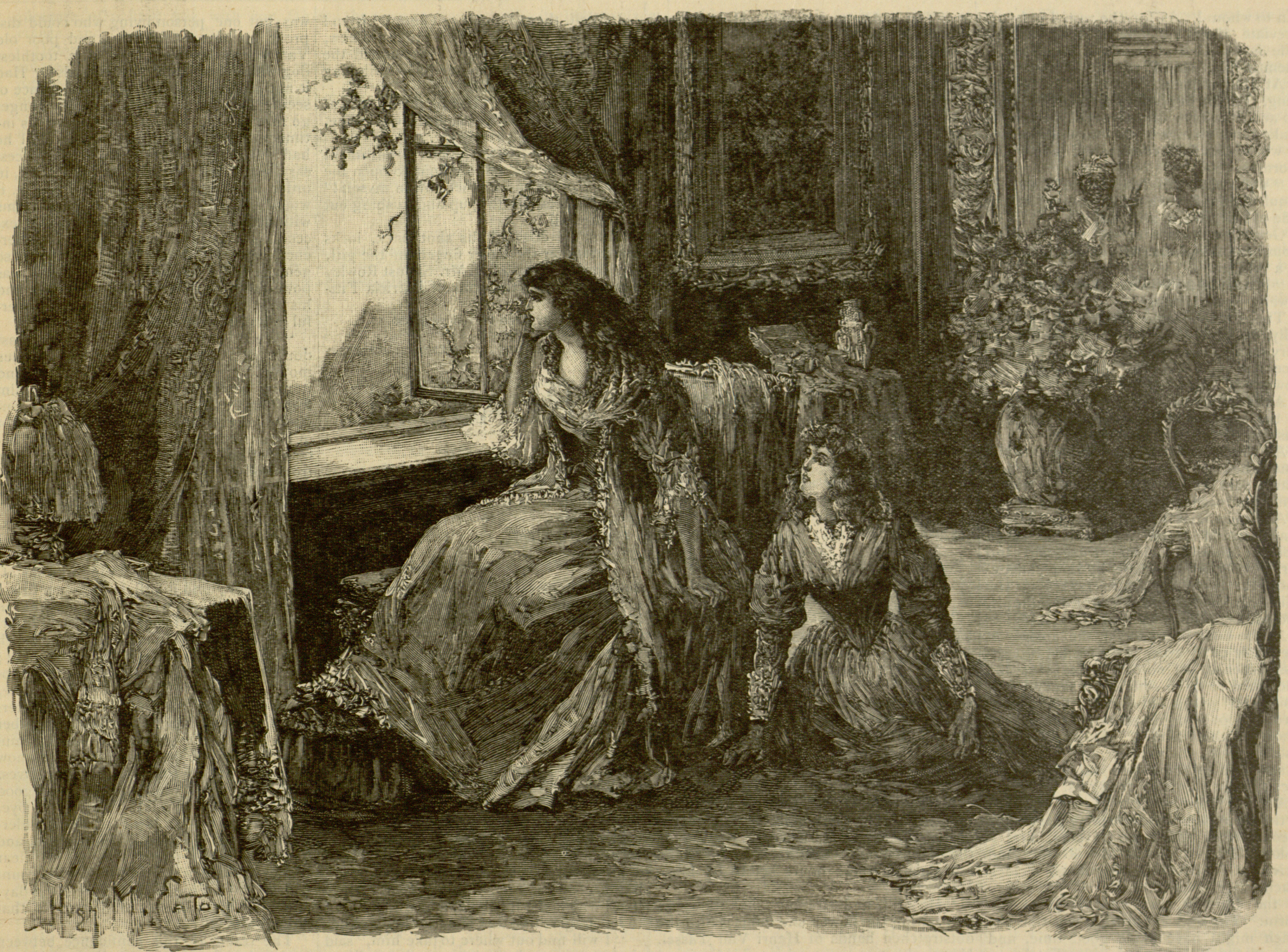
He had been due here for more than a week, for this house was his home even more than hers. It was his home in right of his father, as it was her home in right of her guardian, and yet he neither came nor wrote, though their wedding-day was at hand.

Why had he not come according to promise? Or, if any insurmountable obstacle prevented him from coming, why had he not written to explain?

There were two arrivals from Washington by coach to Wildeville every day, yet mornings and evenings had passed for a week without bringing the man himself or any message from him.

Geraldine had written to him twice in succession, but her letters remaining unanswered, she had stopped in very pride. Mr. Fitzgerald had written several times, but his letters shared the same fate with hers. He would have gone to Washington himself to make inquiries for his missing son, but that he was held a prisoner in his chamber by the gout. He might have written and made inquiries of other parties in Washington but that, during the recess of Congress, he had not a single acquaintance in the city; nor did he like to address any stranger on a private family matter, unless driven to do so by the greatest stress of circumstances. And he considered that this case did not yet require such desperate remedies.

Some little affair easily explained had probably taken his son out of town for a



"GERALDINE SAT AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS WITH HER ELBOW ON THE SILL."

day or two. Doubtless he had written to apprise them of his short absence, but had left his letter to be posted by the careless hotel waiters, and it had been neglected and lost. Something like that had most probably happened. But Gerald Fitzgerald was the very soul of honor and would keep his tryst with his bride, come what might.

"There are yet three more chances for him to be in time," Mr. Fitzgerald had explained to his niece that very morning. "He may come by this evening's coach or by to-morrow morning's or, though that will be late, by to-morrow evening's coach."

"But, if he should fail to come, and so shame me before the assembled gentry of Wilde County!" muttered Geraldine, with bitter, white lips.

"Gerald Fitzgerald will never fail to keep his plighted word.

> "'For never then, nor thence till now,
> Has falsehood or disgrace
> Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume,
> Or mantle in his face.'

He will come up to time; be sure of it."

This conversation had taken place between the guardian and his ward during the short visit she had that morning made to him in his chamber.

But now, some hours later, when the bride-elect sat at the window of her chamber, attended by her admiring bridemaids, she did not feel by any means so sure of her bridegroom's punctuality.

She recalled the months she had waited for him, while he was out defending the frontier settlers against the Indians of the plains, when he might have resigned and returned to her, but he would not.

She bitterly reflected that she had never been the first object of his life as he had always been of hers. She knew that there were several principles he rated far above his love for her: There were honor, duty, to which his love for her had always to give way; while with *her*, neither honor, duty, "nor any other creature" ever had or ever could stand between *her* love and him.

She said to herself that some real or fancied "point of honor" or sense of duty kept him absent and silent now, and might keep him from her even on their appointed wedding-day, and so expose her proud spirit to the bitter humiliation of seeming to be a discarded bride at the very altar.

While she sat there, silent, wounded, sorrowful and indignant, her young bridemaids and one or two household servants, who were engaged in folding and arranging the dresses, chattered about her over the magnificence of her *trousseau.*

"What dat you chillun talkin' 'bout 'trowsers?' 'Trowsers!' I ain't seed no 'trowsers' yet. 'Sides which, what on de face of de yeth do a young lady want wid 'trowsers' 'mongst her weddin' clothes?" said Aunt Het, the fat old colored housekeeper, who had come up from the kitchen to see the finery, and now stood, in all the glory of a new plaid gingham dress, white apron, white neckerchief and white headkerchief. "What about dem dere 'trowsers,' I keep axin' of yer, chillun? I don't see no 'trowsers.' And what de monkey do a decent young 'oman want wid 'trowsers?'"

"*Trousseau, madame! Trousseau!* Mademoiselle could not be married vidout de *trousseau*," politely explained Mademoiselle Desiré, the French dresser whom Miss Fitzgerald had brought with her from Paris.

"Ah! Dat's it, is it? Thanky, Miss Daisy Ray. 'Trash-oh!' I'll 'member. No young lady can be married without her 'trash-oh.' Well, begging of my young misses's pardon, dere's trash nuff in it, I do 'spects," grunted Aunt Het, with a sniff.

"I think not so, *madame. Voilà!* This bridal toilet, vid robe and vail and wreath and fan and handkerchief and gloves *en suite.* The *tout ensemble* is perfect."

"'Tooting cymbals!' I ain't talking 'bout no tooting cymbals, chile. We is got a band of our own cullud fiddlers and tambourinors to make music for our chillun. We don't want no tooting cymbals, Miss Daisy Ray!" exclaimed Het, folding her arms more tightly, as a protest against such foreign innovations.

Mademoiselle Desiré lifted her shoulders and eyebrows with a comic look of despair, and turned away to fold a rich Cashmere shawl and restore it to its box.

Nearest the stately Geraldine loitered her cousin, Patricia Fitzgerald, a black-haired, gray-eyed, pug-nosed yet very pretty, rosy and bewitching little imp of about fifteen years of age. She was carelessly attired in a blue-gingham dress, with little white ruffles around her neck and wrists, and her black hair curling wildly around her piquant little face.

She had come to the Summit only that morning, to meet the other bridemaids, and expecting also to meet the bridegroom and groomsmen, and, in fact, all the immediate bridal party.

She had felt much anxiety to know the reason for the delay, but her interest in the splendid display of wedding finery had held that anxiety in abeyance until now. Now she could control her curiosity no longer.

She dropped herself down on the carpet beside the queenly Geraldine, and, sitting there, looked up into her beautiful, grave face and exclaimed:

"Cousin Gerry!"

The stately head lifted itself slowly from its leaning posture; the large, haughty eyes turned on the speaker.

"I must request you, Patricia, not to address me in that manner. To think of calling any lady 'Gerry,'" she coldly remarked.

"'Gerry' is the short for 'Geraldine,' is it not? Besides, don't every one call me 'Pat?'" laughed Patricia.

"*I* do not, most certainly," said the young lady.

"Well, but, Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald—

> "'Eternity's too short
> To utter all your name.'"

"Do not be profane, Patricia."

"Well, I won't, then. Where is the gallant Captain Gerry?"

"If you refer to Colonel Fitzgerald, he is still in Washington, detained by his affairs."

"When do you expect him?"

"This evening or to-morrow morning."

> "'Oh, a laggard in love and a Quixote in war
> Is to wed the fair Helen of young Lochinvar!'"

sang Patricia, with mischievous delight.

"I do not see the point of your quotation, Patricia, but you were right in changing one word: Gerald Fitzgerald may be a 'Quixote,' but he is not a craven in war, by any means."

"Who 'insinivated as he was?' Not I! But that's not the point. Where's my Sally?"

"Your—*what?*"

"He's not a 'what;' he's a 'who'—my *Sally*—Sally Row."

"I presume you mean Mr. Sallust Rowley?"

"The same," said Patricia, with theatrical solemnity. "Where is that auburn-haired youth? It is not possible that he is detained in Washington by *his* affairs, for he has no affairs, not even an affair of love or an affair of honor. He ought to be here to-day. He is to be first groomsman, and I am to be first bridemaid; he will have to lead me out. Now, I never acted in the comedy of a marriage ceremony in all my life, and I really should like to go through one private rehearsal of my part before appearing in public. Where, oh, where is my Sally?"

"Mr. Sallust Rowley is most probably in attendance upon Colonel Gerald Fitzgerald. They will most likely travel down here together."

"Thanks, dear Geraldine. And now, while I am inquiring after missing people—this is a house of the most inexplicable disappearances, like the Ogre's Castle in the nursery tales—where is the terrific Miss Max? I trust it is not a sin to hope that the ogre may have eaten her?" solemnly inquired Patricia.

"Miss Maxima Rowley has been summoned to Hill Top Hall to attend her uncle, the aged General Slaughter, who has been taken suddenly ill."

"Is his illness contagious and—dangerous?" anxiously inquired Patricia.

"Neither, I hope," answered Geraldine.

Patricia raised her eyes to the frescoed ceiling and sighed profoundly.

"Miss Maxima, who knows General Slaughter's constitution and habits, said when she left yesterday, that she thought it was only one of his bilious attacks that would be over in a few hours, and enable her to return here to-morrow morning at latest."

"One of his brandy attacks, she means. *I* know. And it will kill him some dese yer days, mind!" put in old Het.

"No, it won't, Aunt Het. General Slaughter is over ninety years of age and has fallen into a confirmed and incurable habit of *living.* He'll never die! Heigh-ho! Oh, my, Sally! Where are you, and why don't you come to your devoted Pat?"

"Patricia!" said Miss Fitzgerald, gravely, "I really must talk to you very seriously, indeed. You have contracted a habit of calling people by nick-names much too familiarly, and of mixing up masculine and feminine names in the most absurd and confusing manner. You—"

"Stop, Cousin Gerry! *I* didn't mix 'em! Goodness knows I didn't! To begin with, we Fitzgeralds and Rowleys and the rest of us are so inextricably mixed up, that Old Nick himself couldn't tell who is kin to whom ! As for the rest, I only abbreviate their ridiculously long names. Life is too short to waste in pronouncing them in full," said Patricia, solemnly.

At this moment the first dinner-bell rang, and the bevy of bridemaids fluttered up and flew away to their several rooms to make some change in the carriage-dresses, in which they had come to the house that morning.

"Vat *toilette* vill Mademoiselle wear ?" inquired the French maid, coming to the side of her pensive mistress.

Geraldine aroused herself with an effort from her painful abstraction, and answered at a venture.

"Peach organdie with white lace, pearl jewelry—or anything."

The French maid courtesied respectfully, dressed her mistress to please herself, very tastily, in a tea-rose silk, with white lace and opal jewelry, and so sent her down to join her guests.

After dinner the youthful party assembled in the drawing-room, where the evening was passed in anxious suspense.

All were secretly looking forward to the hour when the bridegroom and his best man would arrive, if, indeed, they should come that night ; but no one spoke of it.

All knew that the Washington stagecoach would reach Wildeville at seven o'clock ; that if Colonel Fitzgerald and Mr. Rowley should come by that conveyance, they would procure horses at the Wildeville Hotel, and ride over to Summit, and so reach home by nine.

As the hour approached, the anxiety of the whole party arose to an almost breathless suspense, yet no one spoke of it—no one dared to do so—not even saucy Pat—while the young lady most vitally concerned kept a dignified and ominous silence on that subject. They talked of fashion, dress, the weather, the neighbors, in short, of anything else but that which occupied their anxious thoughts.

A heavy storm was rising, too ! A storm in the mountains was no trifling peril to be encounted by equestrian travellers, and if Colonel Fitzgerald and Mr. Rowley had arrived at Wildeville by the seven o'clock coach, they must then be on their way to the Summit, and sure to meet the storm. The only slight hope was that the coach might have made good time, and they might have started immediately on swift horses, and so might possibly reach the Summit before the utmost fury of the elements should burst upon them.

But this was a very slight hope indeed.

At half-past eight o'clock a horse was heard to gallop rapidly up to the gate and clatter into the courtyard.

All the young people involuntarily sprang to their feet except the regal Geraldine, who sat, controlling herself in stony silence.

But presently the door opened and a servant appeared, to say that a messenger had just ridden over from Hop Hall, with a message from Miss Rowley to the effect that General Slaughter was too ill to admit of her leaving him that day.

The youthful party sank back in their seats, bitterly disappointed.

Geraldine turned white, and seemed about to faint, but called all her strength of mind to her support and quickly rallied. The storm burst with unexpected fury.

The young party did not dare to separate and go to bed. They remained in the drawing-room, all clinging together as for mutual protection, except Geraldine, who sat apart, wounded in spirit, anxious, scornful and indignant.

The long hours of that terrible night passed slowly and tediously. Very little was spoken. But all who had been anxiously waiting for the arrival of the travellers now hoped that, if they had really reached at Wildeville by the seven o'clock coach they had not set out thence on horseback for the Summit, but had put up at the hotel to wait for the storm to subside.

It was after midnight, however, before the fury of that terrible tempest had expanded itself.

Then, at length, the wearied young girls, one after another, arose from their crouching attitudes, and with fervent thanksgivings that the storm was over and "their lives spared," bade their beautiful hostess good night, and separated to their several rooms to get what sleep they could in the short interval before the morning.

When all had left the room, Patricia, who was the last to go, suddenly turned back and looked at her cousin.

Geraldine was seated in the same chair that she had occupied during the whole of that awful night.

"Gerry, won't you go to bed ?"

"No."

"Then neither will I," said Patricia, setting her candle on a side table, and drawing a foot-stool to the side of her cousin and seating herself upon it.

"You had better retire to rest, Patricia."

"And leave you here alone ? I won't ! I 'm not that sort of fellow !"

"Then do as you please," said Geraldine, wearily.

"I say, Gerry, don't bother about *them !* They 're all right ! You may depend they got to Wildeville last night, but they *couldn't* brave the storm in the mountains, you know, and I don't blame them. They will be here early this morning. You see if they don't ! Why, *I 'm* not bothered, because I don't believe any harm has happened to them ! If I thought any harm had happened to my Sally, I should cry my eyes out !"

"Patricia, if you must stay here, try to keep silence ! *Don't* talk ! I cannot bear it !"

"Well, then, I won't. There ! Listen ! What did I tell you ? There they are now, and it is not yet daylight !" exclaimed the girl, as the sound of horses' hoofs galloping into the yard was heard.

"It is Gerald ! It *can* be no one else at this hour !" suddenly exclaimed Geraldine, thrown off her guard by joy.

"And not a servant in the establishment waking up at this unholy hour to open the door. I must run and let him in myself !" cried Patricia, starting up and rushing out into the hall.

Bars fell down, bolts shot back, locks turned under the eager fingers of the girl, the door flew open and Mr. Sallust Rowley almost fell into the arms of Patricia Fitzgerald.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 47.]

THE SPANISH TREASURE.*

A Story of Love and the Love of Gold.

BY ISABELLA CASTELAR.

CHAPTER XXI—*(Continued).*

A CRY FOR HELP AND THE ANSWER.

"WHAT does he say ?" thought Dolores, on beholding, from her window, the pale, drawn face of Van Tassel. "He is surely in some great trouble, and he is calling on me for help ! I cannot speak to him from here ; it is too far ; and yet I cannot let him think me deaf to his call or unwilling to respond to it ! Ah—yes !"

She had drawn back into the room, and now, as she looked about as if for some means of conveying a message, she saw on the flower-stand beside her a simple white rose, placed there hours before by Mary Hamilton.

"He will understand," she thought ; and seizing the flower she flung it into the outstretched hands of Henri Van Tassel. He caught it and pressed it to his lips, and with it there came to him the same sense of strength—of being uplifted and invigorated—that had come to him when in her presence. He waved his hand toward her, and her face disappeared from the window, and he turned, to find himself in the grasp of the two tramps, who had approached in the shadow of the house, and, catching him now off his guard, seized him, gagged him with one hand, and bore him to the ground swiftly and without resistance. Van Tassel, who was but a slight man, of very little physical strength at any time, was easily overpowered, and would have been robbed instantly and without a struggle had not help come to him as suddenly and unexpectedly as he had been attacked.

At the moment when Dolores had appeared at the window, just after recognizing Van Tassel, a gentleman who had been approaching from the other direction, and who was a stranger to the country as well as to the metropolis, paused and said to himself, with a laugh :

"A custom of the country, I suppose, and much the same as in other countries, too—an American Romeo and Juliet."

And as he stood for a moment in the shadow of a tree, his very natural suspicion seemed verified, and a white rose was flung down through the soft May air and was caught and rapturously kissed by the recipient. What happened next was all so rapid that no one of the participants could have clearly described it ; but the effect was to bestow blackened eyes and bloody noses on a couple of ruffians, who received these marks of favor with howls and execrations ; and when Dolores again—this time in alarm as well as surprise—looked out of the window, she saw the attacking party in full retreat and Henri Van Tassel, much disheveled and visibly excited, leaning against the shoulder of his rescuer.

Dolores, who had seen too many street-fights not to understand and whose first thought was for Van Tassel, flew from the room, down-stairs and out into the street, without pausing to think, and only took breath when she stood beside Van Tassel and held his trembling hand in hers.

"I hope you are not hurt ?" she said then ; but it was the stranger who replied to her ; for Van Tassel, suddenly aware of the brandy he had been drinking, shrank from her and only wished that the earth would open and swallow him.

"Your friend is not at all hurt," said the stranger, whose voice was very full and deep and musical ; "he is not even robbed. I was just in time to frighten off the thieves before they had secured the plunder."

"Oh, thank you !" said Dolores. "I—we, both of us, are very grateful. Mr. Van Tassel, please go directly home, will you not ? And, sir, if you *would* do so, it would be such a kindness, will you put him in a carriage and tell the driver to take care of him ; but, indeed, I don't know where he lives."

Dolores remembered afterward that the stranger had raised his hat and stood holding it in his hand, but bending slightly toward her while she spoke ; and she was vaguely conscious that she was being treated with as much respect as if she had been a princess ; but her cheeks were burning like fire, and she had dropped Van Tassel's hand which she had held, and which clung to her fingers like that of a frightened child.

"I will find out where to take him," said the stranger, when she ceased speaking, "and I will see him safely home ; you may trust me."

"Oh, thank you, thank you !" said Dolores, and for a brief second or two their gaze held each other, then he bowed, and she turned and disappeared into the house.

She could scarcely have counted sixty seconds since she left it, and yet she felt that something had happened that was to change her whole life. The stranger also felt that he could never forget those eyes, so full of childlike confidence, so deep and dark with passionate intensity.

"What a beautiful girl," he thought. "Who can she be ?" and turning toward Van Tassel, "but what a choice for a lover !"

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

When Mary Hamilton and Dolores next met, there was on the face of the latter a reflection of "that light that never was on sea or land," and she had quite forgotten, for the moment, their conversation of the night before and the cause of it. When Clarence Stanley called, later in the day, he, too, observed that light, and quite misunderstood it. It was like a halo about her head and face, and when her eyes met his and seemed to bathe him in their shining loveliness, he did not suspect that she had looked through him without so much as seeing him ; and as his heart bounded to meet that look, he thought :

"The girl loves me ! I have seen that look before in women's eyes ; nothing but love ever calls it there ! But let me beware, as old Van says ; it is better she should do all the loving, since I can master her better that way. Confound Mary Hamilton ! If she would only leave us alone for half an hour together ! Let me once throw Dolores into the mesmeric trance now, and she is mine forever."

And Dolores, all unconscious of his presence, smiled at her own thoughts, and passed on.

The triumph which Stanley now felt in his power over Van Tassel, increased by what he mistook for open encouragement on the part of Dolores, made him comparatively indifferent to the effect of the unlucky *contretemps* between himself and Mrs. Helmholtz and the now evident jealousy of Mary Hamilton. He felt his position strong in every respect. Let "old Hamilton," as he now thought of him, suspect what he pleased ; let Polly be jealous either of Celestine or Dolores or both. There was but one person living who could disprove his present identity, and poor old Van was as harmless now as a toothless dog whose bark was silenced also. Had it not been that he had no other chance of seeing Dolores, he would not any longer go through the form of keeping up his intimacy with the Hamiltons. But until he had quite won Dolores it would be necessary to continue his visits to Polly ; and, in order to be ready for any contingency, it would be safer to remain on good terms with her parents. But nothing could exceed his self-confidence and placid indifference, and this manner of his, which was so genuine it did not need to be assumed, was powerful in its effect on Mr. Hamilton and his wife. It was, indeed, rather too powerful in its effect on Mrs. Hamilton.

"We have done wrong to show the least doubt of Clarence," said the anxious mother. "I fear it has offended him, and it may be the means of estranging him from Polly ; and now that you have convinced yourself that there can be no doubt of his succeeding to the title, what will become of us if anything should part him from Polly ? She has grown to almost worship him, and a separation between them, from any cause, would kill the dear child."

"What should separate them ?" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton. "Nonsense ! Hasn't a father a right to be particular ? My mistake was in not looking into his affairs sooner ; and it still bothers me that I can meet no one who ever knew him in England. But, of course, that is all right. He is Clarence Stanley, and like enough to be Earl of Windermere by what I hear ; but don't say anything to him on that subject. If he were fifty earls rolled into one, he would not be too good for my daughter, and I wish you and Polly would remember that. She lets him see how fond she is of him far too much. You women ought to know enough to keep that more to yourselves. Tell Polly so. It would do the fellow good if she held him off a bit. And, by the bye, since we are talking business, the Windermere estates are heavily mortgaged, and Clarence hasn't money enough to clear them. He knows that Polly's bank account will be seven figures on her wedding-day, and he is by no means indifferent to that circumstance."

The result of this confidence between husband and wife was a half-playful, half-confidential conversation between mother and daughter, within the next twenty-four hours.

"And don't be so ready to throw yourself into his arms, Polly, dear," said Mrs. Hamilton in conclusion ; "for, really, men are so queer, and the best of them prefer the love that is the hardest to win."

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Polly, between laughing and crying, "don't ever try to shine as a worldly-wise, maneuvering mother, for indeed the son-in-law that would be deceived by your artful wiles would not be worth the having !"

"And that 's not Clarence," responded Mrs. Hamilton, "for he is worth the having. But remember what I say, Polly, dear, all the same."

"I will try to, mamma, dear ; but I am afraid it is rather late in the day," sighed Polly.

And that is how it chanced, when on the next day that Stanley called and asked for Miss Hamilton, he was told to wait in the drawing-room, if he was able to spare time, because Miss Polly was very much engaged.

"Poor Polly Hamilton !"

If she had tried for a month to think of the one thing above all others that would, at that moment, have pleased Stanley the most, she could not have been more successful than she was now in sending him that cool and careless message ; for, as he entered the drawing-room, Stanley was aware that Dolores was seated at the farther end of it, half buried in an arm-chair and sorting a pile of yellow roses that lay on her lap. Never had she looked so beautiful.

She did not attempt to leave the room ; indeed, Stanley's presence had become a matter of indifference to Dolores. Another atmosphere now wrapt her so completely from his influence that she had forgotten even her former dislike and fear of him ; and that feeling which, combined with her love and anxiety for Polly Hamilton, had so troubled her that she could not tell if she was repelled or attracted, was now so entirely in abeyance that, for the present, she was no longer conscious of it.

She looked up as he approached her and said, with a careless nod :

"Polly will be here presently. Sit down."

"The longer she stays away the better I shall be pleased," said Clarence, drawing forward a chair so that he sat directly opposite Dolores.

She looked up in mute questioning of his words, but she made no other answer.

"Because her absence gives me the

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pleasure of a little talk with you, fairest cousin, and I have too little of that."

Dolores had put two beautiful amber-colored roses together, and laid them against the front of her corsage—it was now June, and she wore a loose gown of cool, white India silk, without color or any ornament, for she was still in mourning. But the golden hue of the flowers, like prisoned sunshine against her dress, had a perfectly dazzling effect, together with the gleaming light of her eyes through her long lashes and the sheen of her bronze-brown hair.

"You are very beautiful!" said Stanley.

How often he had said those words to other women—how often he had laughed in his heart at the other women to whom he had said them. But now they really seemed to have a meaning, and his breath came quick and his pulses throbbed while he watched this woman to whom they seemed to have no meaning.

"Do you think so?" asked Dolores, with supreme indifference. "What do you know of beauty?"

"Not much, indeed, cousin, till I met you," said Stanley, with a humble sincerity he had never practiced till that moment.

Yes, it was true, he said to himself—all he had told Van Tassel, and more, too. He loved, adored, worshiped this girl. She might, if she cared, make of him what she would—something even good enough to be loved by herself—or good or bad, what mattered it? He could give up the whole world and all that it contained, content only to sit at her feet and worship there, if she would but let him.

"You must not call me 'cousin,'" laughed Dolores, mockingly. "I don't believe we are even cousins."

"Then something nearer, dearer, Dolores. I love you! I love you!"

He bent toward her and would have taken her hand, but she snatched it from his touch and pushed back her chair with a movement of violent, passionate fear and loathing.

"Don't dare to touch me!" she cried. "You love me? Oh, you are mad!"

"I am—mad, or anything you choose to make me; but listen, Dolores—you *shall* listen! I love you! I have never before loved any woman. I did not know I could love. I am bad; I am evil. I know it; I acknowledge it. But to love you would redeem any man. I feel myself exalted, purified when I am near you. You can make me an angel like yourself. Without you, I shall be, as I have ever been, a devil! Think, girl, that you can save a soul from Satan. Does that mean nothing to an angel such as you are? It is your mission to save me. I belong to you. Is it my fault that I have borne a heritage of evil handed down to me for hundreds of years, while you have inherited only goodness and purity? It is your duty to redeem me—the debt my Indian ancestor owes to me. Dolores! Dolores! We are the last of our race. To us belongs the countless treasure of the Mendozas. It is ours to enjoy, ours to possess it forever, ours to lift the curse of the Indian woman from the race of the Mendozas. You said but now that I was not your cousin. Behold! Is not this the birth-mark of the Mendozas?"

With a sweeping gesture he pushed back the golden hair from his temple, and there Dolores beheld the well-known birth-mark inherited from Pedro Mendoza.

"The black heart!" she cried. "Oh, come not near me! Murderer, doubly, trebly accursed! Yes, you do indeed bear the mark of the Mendozas; but only those of the black heart are cursed past redemption. Maruja! Maruja! Even your love cannot save him!"

She wrung her hands passionately together, while a low moan of the deepest distress burst from her lips; her face became set and white, her eyes rolled wildly, then closed as if suddenly glued together; and, as she sank helpless into her chair, her head fell back, and Stanley saw that she had become unconscious.

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that he could hardly comprehend what had happened; but in the next moment his heart gave an exultant bound.

"At last, at last!" he muttered. "I would have loved her; I would have knelt at her feet a slave, but she would not have it so; now she is at my mercy, and she shall be the slave, not I!"

He would have taken a step toward her, but his feet seemed glued to the floor; he raised his hands, but when he would have waved them before her face they seemed suddenly like lead, while a cold breeze seemed to strike a chill to his very heart.

"What is this?" he thought. "Am I then powerless over her?"

He seemed to hear the hollow echo of a mocking laugh, and every evil instinct of his nature rose to fight for him. Let come what might, he would compel her to see the treasure and describe its hiding-place. Gold, gold! That was the passion of his soul, and now he returned to it with feverish gladness, all the more its devoted slave because of his brief infidelity, his fleeting fancy for a woman's love.

"Can you see the hiding-place of the Mendoza treasure in the Santiago Canyon?" he asked imperiously.

"I am there," said the voice of Dolores; yet not her voice, as it seemed to Stanley, though speaking through her lips.

"Describe the place."

"Near a sycamore tree, far up the canyon, where the wild pansies, the poppies and the blue forget-me-nots star the ground."

"Can you see beneath the earth?"

"Yes, where gold lies in veins through the earth and a thousand rich and rare jewels lie buried."

"How can I reach it?"

"That I shall not tell you?"

"You shall; I command you!"

"I will not obey."

Stanley bent forward and, with all the force of his strong and evil will, fixed his gleaming eyes on the still, white face before him, and with set teeth and hands clenched, he hissed in low, vibrant tones:

"I command you, by the strength of my will and by all the depths of evil in my soul, that evil which you fear and tremble at, to answer and obey me!"

"I refuse and I defy you!"

Choking with rage, blind with fury, he would have rushed on the slight and quivering form in the effort to wrench by physical force the obedience he could not command; but when he would have seized the insensible form of Dolores, his arms once more fell, powerless, to his sides and a shock as if from an electric battery thrilled through him from head to foot. Again a cold breeze, chill, benumbing, horrible, smote on his face, and a pale, silvery mist, shot through with glittering dust of fire, seemed to rise between him and Dolores. It grew denser and the air grew colder; and a shadowy face, dark, menacing, terrible, looked at him, while two great, glowing eyes glared on him so fiercely they seemed to burn into his brain. With a smothered imprecation of fear and impotent rage, Stanley fell back before the look of those eyes; and when they had faded away and all the air was clear again, he rubbed his own eyes as one awaking from sleep and darted forward toward Dolores.

The chair in which she had been seated was empty; the door close beside it was open, and she had evidently left the room.

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Clarence. "Is it magic? Witchcraft? Or have I been asleep, drugged, hypnotized?"

He turned and strode across the room toward the other door, and as he parted the curtains he found himself confronted by a face, so drawn, contorted, livid with suffering that he looked long upon the once familiar features before he recognized them. Then he said:

"Polly! Oh, Polly! Is it you?"

"Yes, Clarence—it is I!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME OF THE RESULTS.

Her voice was changed as greatly as her face; and, pushing aside the curtain, she entered the room, sinking heavily into the nearest chair.

"How long have you been here?" he said at last.

"I don't know; I can't tell. It seems a long while."

"How much have you heard?"

"Everything, I suppose; but I understand nothing—nothing, except that you love Dolores—only Dolores. You have never loved me—never loved any one but Dolores, only Dolores—always and always Dolores! Oh, my Rita, my Rita, whom I loved! Oh, my Clarence, my Clarence, who never loved me!"

"Polly, Polly, won't you listen? Can you forgive?"

"Please, don't—oh, please, don't speak to me! Only go away now and leave me! Please, only go away just now and let me be alone!"

Stanley turned from her quickly. He was, indeed, stifling, choking, and he gladly rushed into the hall and out into the street. The situation was becoming too much even for his iron nerves, and although the cool air seemed to brighten his mind and bring back his scattered wits, he walked as in a nightmare.

It was Mrs. Hamilton, who, coming into the drawing-room a few minutes later, found her daughter fallen in a heap upon the floor, her hands tightly clenched as if in maddening pain and her poor, distraught, tortured face pallid as if stamped with the seal of death.

At first the shocked and horrified mother could not even call for help; but as soon as her voice returned, the whole household was in a state of the wildest confusion; and it was not until Doctor Macdonald arrived and assured her that Mary was not dead, although sunk in a prolonged and dangerous swoon, that Mrs. Hamilton could put on the outward semblance of calmness. At length, the poor girl returned to consciousness, and the long-drawn sighs and pitiful moans that then escaped her lips were harder still to bear than the silence which had preceded them.

With instinctive precaution, the poor mother had dismissed every one from the room, except the physician, at the first sign of returning consciousness on the part of her child.

"No one except those who love her—and Doctor Mac does love Polly—shall hear what she may say, poor darling, if she ever speaks again!"

Something like this was the unformulated thought of Mrs. Hamilton's mind, and although she acted upon it, she was hardly aware of her own wisdom in doing so. But Mary did not seem disposed to speak, only gazing pitifully at her mother and at the doctor when she had sufficiently recovered to recognize them. Then her eyes filled with tears, which slowly rolled down her pallid face, while strangling gasps and sighs broke from her lips.

Mrs. Hamilton would have clasped her daughter in her arms, and would have held her head to her heart as when a little child—for when had Polly ever known a grief that she could not soothe and hush and kiss away—and it was maddening now that she could not so much as put in words her sympathy and sorrow. But Doctor Macdonald checked her with an imperative look, and placing his finger on his lips indicated that the tears which were now being forced from Polly's eyes, and the sobs and sighs that were shaking her slight form would do more to carry off the first weight of her sorrow than anything that could be put into words.

"Let her weep," he whispered, presently. "Words will only stop the flow of tears—let her weep. The grief that dissolves in tears will never break the heart."

Mrs. Hamilton could only reply by frantic but helpless wringing of her hands. Why should any one speak of Polly's heart breaking? What cruel grief had been cast on her innocent, sweet child to cause such tears? Oh, it was surely unjust of Heaven to torture any one so good and kind and gentle! Her dear little Polly, who had never caused a moment's pain or sorrow to any living thing!

Meantime Polly wept silently, bitterly and with a fearful sinking of the heart—a terrible despair—as she told herself over and over again the words which had caused her anguish; but as her tears increased and as her sobs grew more convulsive and then slowly calmed and finally ceased, the first, awful burning pain of her grief passed away, and she thought suddenly and with a strange frantic hopefulness:

"There must be some mistake—I did not quite understand, I know—I am sure it cannot be so dreadful as I have thought."

Then suddenly sitting up, she said:

"Mamma, where is Rita? Won't you send her to me? I must speak with her! I am quite well now, quite well—it was nothing but a shock, and I haven't quite understood—but I must see Rita, and then, mamma dear, afterward—I will tell you all about it."

"But, Polly—"

Doctor Macdonald quickly made a sign to Mrs. Hamilton, and then said to Polly:

"You shall do just as you please, my dear. A nice, confidential talk with your young friend will do you all the good in the world; and if you will promise to take a certain bitter drink that I will send you—very bitter, but very toning and quieting for the nerves—I think I will say good-bye, for the present."

He had taken Mary's hand while he spoke and held his finger on her pulse for just one minute, and then, gently patting her cheek, he turned away, and Mrs. Hamilton, promising to send Dolores immediately, followed Doctor Macdonald from the room.

This kind-hearted physician had seen the inside workings of too many households to ask any questions when he saw signs of sudden and terrible mental and nervous trouble; but he was certainly amazed to find them here; for Mrs. Hamilton had already told him all she knew of the condition of her daughter, and that she had left her in a state of perfect health, to receive a visit from her *fiancé*, only half an hour before the time she found her utterly collapsed and unconscious on the floor.

"Is there any danger, doctor?" she asked. "Don't deceive me. Is it her heart? Is it some unknown malady that we have never suspected?"

"There is no danger, madam," the physician hastened to assure her, as he continued to fill out a prescription which was only a simple tonic and nervine combined. "Miss Polly is not the girl to die of a heart-ache; but you may as well understand that she has had a severe shock. No doubt you will soon know much more about it than I ever shall; but my advice is to take her away from here as soon as you can; let her have new scenes, new friends; but above everything else, a new lover. Pardon me for saying so, I mean it only for your child's good, but I never liked the old lover; he had the look of a cruel and treacherous villain under his infernal beauty. I know I shock you, but I am a physiognomist and a physiologist, and I speak painful truths."

"Oh, Doctor Macdonald, you are prejudiced!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton. "You don't like handsome men—"

"We won't discuss that, my dear lady, but don't keep Miss Polly waiting; send her young friend to her."

He hurried away before Mrs. Hamilton, who was indeed too much dazed to pursue the conversation, could say anything further; and she mechanically proceeded toward the room of Dolores; remembering now what she had been too excited to remark, although dimly conscious of it all the time, that notwithstanding the tumult of alarm concerning Polly, Dolores had not yet appeared to inquire into the cause of it.

"Mary would like to speak to you, Dolores," she said, when the latter opened the door. "She is in her room."

Never had Mrs. Hamilton addressed her in such a tone, and Dolores, who had been colorless as marble, felt her face flush to the very roots of her hair; for there was contempt, anger, scorn and wounded feeling in the voice of Polly's mother—that voice which had always been filled with maternal gentleness toward the lonely and motherless girl.

"I will come to her at once," was the answer in low and tremulous tones, which went to Mrs. Hamilton's heart; but she would not permit herself to be moved.

What kind of a girl was this, who could remain in her room without so much anxiety as to ask a question when the whole household had been turned upside-down by Mary's inexplicable illness? It was evidently not inexplicable to her, or why was she so pale and agitated? And by this time Mrs. Hamilton had remembered that Dolores was in the drawing-room when Stanley had been shown into it. She must, then, have still been there when Mary entered. She must have known why she had fainted. More than that, she was, perhaps, the cause of that dreadful and unexplained swoon which had seemed to threaten the very life of her child.

All this passed through the anxious mother's mind in an instant, and produced its effect before she was aware of it; and although she felt the unconscious pathos in Dolores's voice, she hardened her heart against it and turned resolutely away.

Dolores was only vaguely aware that something terrible had occurred. She knew that the nervous seizure, trance, or whatever it was to which she was occasionally subject, had overtaken her while listening to the frantic address of Clarence Stanley. She knew that he had professed to love her; but of all that had been said, either by him or through her own lips while she was in the mesmeric condition, she was entirely ignorant. She only knew that when she recovered from it, like a person awaking suddenly but completely from a brief sleep, she saw him as through some luminous mist, staring straight before him, with fixed gaze and apparently terrified. She was herself aware of that strengthening, comforting and tranquilizing presence that had so often come to her in moments of peril or other critical times; and then she glided quickly from the room, and in doing so, she seemed to be obeying a directing voice which, without being heard, made itself entirely understood.

But she had neither seen Polly Hamilton enter, nor had she any suspicion that Polly had come upon the scene unperceived. She seemed to herself to have awakened from a dream, which she vainly tried to remember; and she was thinking, in a rather frightened way, of this curious "trance," which had now twice overtaken her in Stanley's presence, when she became aware of the sudden commotion in the house; and opening her door to inquire the cause, she heard Mrs. Hamilton giving wild directions about sending for a doctor.

Dolores retreated into her room, as if she had received a blow.

With appalling clearness, she felt what had taken place, and she was overcome with all the horror of one who has unwittingly but surely killed the dearest friend on earth. She sank into a chair and rocked

Continued on page 9.

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THE PROSPERITY OR DECAY OF AMERICA.

Some would-be philosophers are fond of assuring us that our decline and fall must come, because they came to Rome and Greece. The future artist must stand on a broken arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St Paul's. Thence he may remove his easel to New York's remains, as viewed from the dismantled piers of Brooklyn Bridge.

We candidly confess that the necessity for this catastrophe has never impressed us, and if art must needs wait until London or New York relics are its themes, it may be a forgotten capacity.

No shadow of grief can cloud the life of this nation as long as it is true to its mission. We have seen one period pass without diminishing our welfare. The pioneer movement, which gave us our territory, homes and government, developed, in so doing, the sturdiest manhood and the best administrative genius. Our fathers have subdued nature and left us to complete the triumph in every fresh invention and discovery of science.

And now we have come to the second stage of existence, known as that of accumulation. Wealth and increased value of every kind has made the United States the center of gravity for the earth's population, and new possibilities are arising on every hand.

What has been the usual course of other nations at this point? Luxury, ease, disintegration and defeat, promptly answers the critic quoted above. And so it has. We admit that. But need history repeat itself at such a critical juncture? Decidedly not. Because certain dynasties committed political suicide, must we go and do likewise to justify these melancholy visionaries and their prognostications? Rather is it true that the great drama of the past has been enacted for our warning, and the whirlpools which destroyed others are marked in its chart that we may avoid them.

The Anglo-Saxon race, wherever found, is not showing many signs of decrepitude as yet, whether here, with three hundred years of life upon it, or in England, with two thousand. Wealth is being consecrated to helpful philanthropy, to the building of charitable institutions, to the maintenance of all those appliances which solidify civilization. True, we stand to-day upon the dividing line; but, if we mistake not, the banner of our progress turns toward a nobler manhood and not a baser selfishness and lust. Look widely and with enlightened vision, and the horoscope of our destiny bids us hope and never fear.

We have entered into a promised land of intellectual activity and elevated moral sentiment hitherto unknown. The 353,797 trained and qualified teachers of our common schools, initiating twelve millions of pupils into the richest treasures of knowledge, are dealing with a juvenile population which numbers almost as many souls as did the entire English race a century ago. These are supported by 890 higher institutions, with 138,902 students.

Stamp these minds with scholarship and science, these hearts with breadth of sympathy, the splendor of heroism and fervent patriotism, and need we fear for the future of America? We say: No! For the enlightenment which has gone forth can never be obscured, nor can the ages backward roll. The hand of the Deity guards and guides those who have said: "In God we trust."

◆

LORD WOLSELEY AND OUR CIVIL WAR.

This British general is a soldier of good reputation and some success. His friends claim he could make a great record if only opportunity presented itself. At present, he has nothing to show beyond the late Egyptian campaign against ARABI Pasha and native troops. Lord WOLSELEY, however, has undertaken to criticise our own Civil War and the methods of commanders who operated millions of men over hundreds of miles of territory. Lord WOLSELEY, as a general, may be all his friends claim and more, but he certainly has very slight qualifications to pose as a critic of the late struggle.

He speaks of General SHERMAN as "T. W. SHERMAN." This may be a printer's error, and so we pass it by. But other statements are not so easily disposed of. The troops who took part in the gigantic contest were not "raw levies" and "undisciplined mobs." It is incorrect for his lordship to state that "crowds of armed citizens dressed as soldiers—absolutely untrained men—ran away" from the battle of Shiloh. One new regiment did so; the rest were run away with by WOLSELEY'S racy imagination. There is an "old, old story" of the few levies who received their first rifles on the steamer taking them to Shiloh, and he seems to at once assume that the whole Union army was solemnly paraded before the battle for the distributions of arms.

Again, Lord WOLSELEY remarks that neither side possessed any cavalry at all, *in the European sense of the term*, and that if they had done so, the country was utterly unsuited for their movement.

Of course we are in delightful ignorance as to the "European sense of the term 'cavalry.'" The Federal armies had eighty thousand mounted troopers armed with carbine, pistol and saber. The Confederates nearly as many. They charged, even in brigade formations, at infantry, artillery, and cavalry again. But what may be the European sense of the term, Lord WOLSELEY does not condescend to explain.

At Gettysburg, the tidal battle of the war, the cavalry fights covered miles of ground, and our best strategists tell us they helped materially in the deciding of the battle.

Fancy some grizzled old "vet" of either army reading this astounding rubbish from England's "only general." No cavalry! To men who have followed "Fighting PHIL" and Major-Gen. J. E. B. STUART upon a hundred fatal fields!

Enough of these haphazard quotations from a very haphazard criticism. But here is one more, which will serve as a key to the riddle of the writer's ignorance. WOLSELEY says:

> "The American Civil War is full of features difficult of comprehension by those who have never lived among our brethren across the Atlantic."

Then why does such a one, as his lordship confesses he is, attempt to criticise—an art where the first essential is *correct information?*

◆

THE PROGRESS OF THE YEAR.

The reports of our country's progress for the year are coming in rapidly, and they tell of a wholesome and active condition of trade. Despite temporary disputes, the great march of American commerce has been a forward one all along the line. The balance-sheet declares for nearly three hundred millions of dollars in our favor. The crops are excellent, and most of them safely harvested. Some pessimists and, indeed, many optimists thought that, after the superabundant yield of 1891, the harvests of this year would be rather scanty. This has not proved true. The earth has given her abundance, and our surplus growth will find its way, some of it generously donated, to the suffering nations of Europe.

Indeed, a brief glance across the Atlantic might well increase our thankfulness. Affairs there are in a deplorable state. Trade is bad, crops poor, and disease is doing deadly work among the overworked and underfed peasants of the Continental nations.

Other motives besides sympathy prompt our references to these nations. If we needed any instruction as to how cosmopolitan is the intercourse of this century, the recent brief cholera-scare will amply afford it. Russia's criminal neglect of soap and water tried to visit its consequences upon us, and only failed because we, as a nation, were wide-awake to the situation. A five days' voyage brings the modern American within reach of European problems, and the time is being reduced every year.

Even England is passing through dark seasons of depression. Lancashire has long been her queen county for manufactures, the proud center of the cotton industry, absorbing our South American trade. And there lies upon our desk as we write a letter from a Manchester merchant in which he says with melancholy emphasis: "Lancashire's supremacy is a thing of the past."

Yes, the vigorous life of the younger nation, blessed with endless resources of every kind, is now asserting itself as never before. The promise of a great commercial fleet is already with us, and when that is fulfilled, the rest is assured. Any one who has seen the sorrowful people who flock to this land, the Eldorado of their most sanguine expectation, will realize how completely we have been blessed beyond our fellows.

Such comparisons as these are made, as we need scarcely hint, in the most sympathetic spirit. There is no lack of tender bounty and gifts from the West to the East. As citizens of a wider circle than even our own beloved land, we could wish these things were not; and while we feel devoutly thankful for food, shelter and abundance, for deliverance from pestilence and dread disease, our hearts go out in heartiest good-will to those not so signally fortunate.

◆

JOE KERR'S JESTS, JINGLES AND JOTTINGS.

The name of "Joe Kerr" (the *nom de plume* of Mr. William Melville Kerr) is familiar to readers of our newspapers as the author of very amusing dialect sketches, especially his characterization of an Italian organ-grinder and his monkey. Many a bright and witty sketch in verse from his pen has gone the rounds of the press without any credit whatever to the author. These have now been collected in a handsome oblong sketch-book, illustrated with many comical pictures by Rummler, beautifully printed on fine paper in dark-blue photographic ink, which adds greatly to their artistic effect. The Geo. M. Allen Co., corner Broadway and 21st Street, are the publishers.

◆

"OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS"

Is a very beautiful and interesting monthly, issued by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at 10 East 22nd Street, New York. The subscription price is one dollar per year; single copies, 10 cents. The contents of the magazine comprise interesting accounts of the usefulness and intelligence of domestic animals, their dependence and friendliness and their claim upon us for kind and humane treatment. Much information is given of the best modes of their treatment and care in health and disease. We know of no publication which better deserves the patronage of all who like horses and dogs and other domestic animals.

HOME CULTURE.

BY N. S. STOWELL.

There are many persons who profess to look upon all new isms and theories with contempt, and who lose no opportunity to ridicule and make absurb any movement that leads toward the cultivation of the finer qualities of humanity and the more delicate phases of the mental and physical being. They condemn refined ideas as "nonsensical," which is, to them, the extreme of weakness and foolishness.

It cannot be denied that there is room for great improvement in the habits and manners of the masses of the people, and that anything tending in the direction of educating or reforming them should be hailed with delight and encouraged in every possible way. Instead of this, there are burlesques, caricatures and a general cheapening of those things which every intelligent person should regard as among the fundamental principles of correct and judicious living.

History and observation prove that nearly all radical reformers have been at first ridiculed and new ideas almost always received with suspicion if not with the most outspoken opposition. The fine old aristocrats of the *ancien régime* of France had no scorn too utter, no ridicule too superior, when the first mention of "liberty, equality and fraternity" was made in the opening days of the French Revolution; still their scorn and ridicule gave way before the mighty effort of a long-suffering populace, over-radical though that effort became. And when any such ridicule obstructs the advance of educational principles and strengthens the bonds that bind us to ignorance and awkwardness, it is time that the more advanced element of society stepped in to interfere and to bring to bear every influence that will further the work of elevating and refining the world. If objection to a better state of things affected only the mature portion of society, there would be less reason for regret; but when it delays the development and retards the progress of the younger members of the community, it is almost in the nature of a calamity.

There are families all over our land in which the boys and girls keep along in all sorts of careless habits and ill-bred practices simply because they not only have no encouragement from their elders to do better but would certainly be made the subjects of ridicule if they attempted to change their ways. If the boy takes pains to brush his hair, keep his hands and finger-nails clean, his shoes polished and his clothes free from dust, some one says "dandy dude" or "swell" and hints about "the best girl" or sneeringly whispers "ma's baby" or "pretty boy," then goes off into paroxysms of laughter. No sensitive boy will willingly subject himself to such annoyances as these, and there is little wonder that, after a few such experiences, he grows careless and indifferent and at last loses all regard for his personal appearance and grows up that most disagreeable of creatures, a slovenly, untidy man, one who is tolerated from necessity but not welcomed with enthusiasm.

We have in mind the case of a boy of eighteen living just outside of a city, who possessed a mind naturally turning to the external refinements. This lad's sensitive nature was distressed by unnecessary humiliations imposed on him by a father whose bosom was filled with an apprehension that his son might "splurge." To avert this possibility, the parent, though wealthy in this world's goods, would hunt for excuses to send his boy to town in a rickety cart, though he owned a neat buggy which would have usually served the purpose as well as the cart.

It is the duty of every parent to see to it that the boy is equally educated in culture and good manners with the girl, and that in no case should there be the least discouragement of improvement permitted, but, on the contrary, every indication of attention to personal appearance and the cultivation of a refined and polished demeanor should be encouraged in the warmest terms.

If, as is sometimes the case, the parents are ignorant of or indifferent to the nicer shades of propriety, there is even more need for upholding the boy in his desire to rise above his surroundings, and if he gets his inspiration outside of the family, surely his parents should be the last to reprove or make sport of him. It is very well for them to say that what is good enough for father is good enough for son, but this statement will not bear analysis. What is good enough for the past decade is not good enough for the present. Let no parent make the mistake of trying to harness his son to the usages and traditions of the past. The bonds avail nothing before the presence of nineteenth-century progress.

THE SPANISH TREASURE.

Continued from page 7.

to and fro in abject misery, wringing her hands and repeating over and over again:

"Maruja knows! Maruja has heard all! What shall I do? What shall I do? It will kill her, and I shall be the unhappy cause! Oh, why did I not go at first? Why did I linger here after I saw the first suspicion in her mind? What fatal fascination—what misunderstood terror of that man—held me here? If I had only listened to the inward prompting of my soul when I first saw him! But I feared to leave her. I hoped to have helped her. I was in a maze of doubt and uncertainty. Even the intuition that has always kept my spirit free in its darkest moments seemed clouded, so that I no longer understood its guidance. Then *he* came, and in that brief moment of our meeting it seemed as though our spirits touched. The soul looking out of his eyes into mine seemed the other half of my own, and to the last moment of existence I must feel that I am one with him and he with me. Ah, yes, now I know and shall know forever this is love and I love that man!"

Her thoughts flew to the night when Van Tassel had seemed to call on her for help, and to the moment when she had stood face to face with the stranger who had so suddenly come to the assistance of the unlucky professor, and there she paused. Though still in a state of horror unspeakable about Mary, she was still, in memory, gazing back into those wonderful eyes that held her own with a new, strange and delightful power, when Mrs. Hamilton's summons sharply recalled her thoughts to the present.

And now she knew, from the voice and manner of Maruja's mother, that her worst suspicions were correct; but she attempted no justification, no explanation. With the swift decision that always characterized her in any emergency, she rose at once to meet it.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 47.]

THE KING OF HONEY ISLAND.*

A Historical Romance of the Creole Coast.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON,

Author of "Mordbank," "The Fighting at Point Rose," "A Tallahassee Girl," "His Second Campaign," "Hoosier Mosaics," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ENOS PEEVY'S RIFLE-PRACTICE.

AT a little after daybreak, though the fog was still heavy and the breeze too light to remove it, it was observed that the British were steadily advancing.

Jackson had everything ready and was nervously eager for the fray to begin; but he preserved a cool expression of face, and gave orders that there be not a shot fired until the enemy were within certain range of the guns.

Mr. Vernon hastened to make his presence felt among the men, who looked to him for the encouragement that such beings always need in the supreme hour of danger. He found them chilled and hungry; but they responded vehemently to his few low words, and showed that they meant to be brave.

A fiery rocket whizzed up from the British front and curved through the slowly thinning fog; then another arose from a different point.

"They are coming," said Jackson, to Lieutenant Ballanche. "Let us go to Spotts's battery."

They walked along the line at a rapid gait and, just as they came near, they heard a low order, and then out boomed the gun. The long, red blaze leaped far out through the fog-curtain, and they saw for the first time the glint of red uniforms away off by the line of woods across the open level land.

The column was moving at a swift pace right down upon them.

Old Enos Peevy came near the general and saluted.

"Well, Enos," said Jackson, "is Mary Ann in good order?"

"Ye 'll see poorty soon, gin'r'l. I air jes' er waitin' for 'em air fellers ter come close enough for Mary Ann ter talk to 'em; she air got some remarks to say to 'em, an' she 'll make 'em sick, shore 'nuff."

He rubbed the long, heavy barrel of his rifle while he spoke, and wagged his head grimly.

And now the breeze strengthened and began to lift away the fog.

Spotts's gun bellowed once more, shaking the wet ground with its tremendous concussion.

The British column came right on; all the batteries in front of it opened bravely aud sent their heavy missiles plowing through it.

Soon enough the rifles of Tennessee and Kentucky began to crack, keen and clear; and when the range became certain, the effect was terrible to see.

Peevy stood on top of the earthwork, with the brim of his old cap turned up in front. He lifted his gun and fired at an officer, who, sword in hand, was leading the column. It was a deadly shot. Down fell the brave man; but the column bore right on. Not far, however, for there was that fatal ditch in its way, and the bullets and cannon-shot were cutting men down like weeds.

"Give it to them, boys!" shouted Jackson, as he tramped back and forth behind his brave little army, the fire of battle lighting up his careworn face. "Give it to them while they are wavering!"

The British recoiled, shattered, bleeding, confused, their front ranks breaking into and destroying the order of those behind. At first it appeared that the fight was over; for how could those scattered and widely fleeing men ever be rallied and reformed?

It was then that the brave Pakenham showed himself at the front waving his hat aloft and galloping to and fro and calling on his men to remember the honor of England. They heard his manly voice above the roar of the patriot guns that were playing upon them, and they turned and set their faces once more toward those low, dark breastworks along which flickered and sparkled and flamed the rifle-blazes of marksmen who shot with the aim of veteran woodsmen. The bullets, like level swarms of furious bees, hummed along the crisp air of the morning.

"Aim well, men! Get a fine bead on them!" shouted General Jackson. "Blow them to hell!"

"That 's the talk, gin'r'l!" responded Peevy, as he stood deliberately reloading Mary Ann. "I 'm er doin' that air very thing!"

There was Vasseur wildly excited and trembling like a freezing lamb, but fighting like a mad lion. Not far off, Crapaud Crapoussin, who came from the city but an hour before, was crouching behind the wet earthwork and firing away as best he could. Fiddler Dick was there, too, with an enormously heavy gun, which was so long, that he had to rest the butt of it far back on the ground behind him when he was loading it. Indeed, it seemed that all classes of men to be found on the gulf coast, gentlemen and cut-throat, dandy and ragamuffin, upright citizen and scowling *forban*, all the noted characters of city or swamp were to be seen in that oozy trench fighting for the country of their birth or adoption, regardless of self, their whole energy centered in the one desire to drive back the British. Only one of the well-known men of New Orleans who might well have been looked for in the line was missing. Yes, two. Colonel Loring and Lafitte.

The latter had been sent by Livingston to bear Mrs. Livingston and her child to a place of safety, should the battle be lost.

Down the line where Mr. Vernon's men were stationed, the roar of the guns was continuous, like the long, rattling roll of summer thunder. The British bullets sang keenly overhead or tossed up little puffs of sand along the embankment.

"I 'll git thet air feller on the hoss yit," muttered Peevy, taking aim at Pakenham, "thet is, ef Mary Ann kin carry thet fur."

He fired, and down went that brave officer's horse, pitching his rider headlong.

"Thet thar stopped his cavortin', anyhow!" the scout bawled out, though everybody was too excited to hear. "'Rah fur Gin'r'l Jackson!"

About this time Burns came shambling along the line, apparently quite unconscious of danger. He was haggard and wild-looking, his hair unkempt and his long, thin, white beard tangled across his face.

He saw Vasseur and approached him.

"Have you seen him yet?" he inquired, bending over the excited little half-breed, "have you seen him yet?"

A round-shot cast up a splash of mud and water in front of them.

"He not there at prayson," stammered forth poor Vasseur. "Mebbe he not care about zis t'ing varee likely."

The front of the British column dashed up to the ditch; a few brave fellows floundered through it and rushed right into the muzzles of the American guns.

But it was not for mortal courage to stem that humming current of missiles. A thirty-two pounder was loaded to the muzzle with musket-balls and fragments of metal. Just as the column thickened close along the ditch, the gunner, with steady hand, lowered the piece so that the dreadful charge would rake the level surface of the ground and fired. Never, perhaps, in the history of warfare was there another so destructive a shot. The historians tell (what is too incredible even for romance) that two hundred British soldiers were killed outright by that storm of lead and iron, that one blast of the breath of war!

The whole front of the charging column had melted down.

Peevy still stood on the breastwork, peeping through the battle-smoke, trying always to aim at some particular one of the enemy before firing Mary Ann.

Pakenham had been given another horse, and although one of the scout's bullets had hit him, he mounted and went to the head of the column once more to reform it. But he was doomed. A grapeshot dashed him, dying, to the ground.

General Gibbs took command. Peevy saw him and signaled him out for his aim.

Mary Ann was merciless. Officer after officer fell. Down dropped Gibbs; over went Keane; Dale fell dead; indeed, it seemed that no man who undertook to lead the columns could escape those special messages of Mary Ann when directed by the imperturbable aim of the scout.

So the battle went; the British recoiled, plunged forward, tumbled in bleeding heaps, broke, rallied, charged again and again. That little, muddy ditch, with its slippery banks and slow, dark tide, was the line of death. No man crossed it and lived.

At the last desperate moment, a man, superbly mounted, was seen calling together the bravest spirits of the English army. He rode like a king; his face was as cold as marble and yet scintillant with magnetic energy.

General Jackson leveled his old field-glass upon him and actually recoiled.

"That devil!" he exclaimed, and his bronzed and jaundiced visage showed a sudden excitement. "A renegade, by the Eternal!"

Vasseur saw the new leader and leaned over the breastwork to gaze at him. So attracted was he by the apparition that he forgot his fear.

Mr. Vernon looked and turned pale. The enemy's line reformed, the Highlanders in front, and came on again, this time with a steady sweep that appeared resistless.

Peevy was still at his stand, reloading Mary Ann as calmly as if he were going to shoot a squirrel.

"He air a long ways off, Mary Ann," muttered he, "but we mus' re'ch 'im, ole gal!"

He lifted the rifle and took deliberate sight over the long barrel. The sharp report was lost in the general roar of the fight. Had he missed? There was no sign to the contrary.

"Pierre Rameau! *Voilà!* See! It's Pierre Rameau!" screamed Vasseur, dancing around wildly.

General Jackson came almost running along the line, the white foam of excitement fringing his bloodless lips.

"Shoot that eternal, infernal scoundrel for me, Peevy!" he shouted, pointing his long, emaciated finger toward the new British leader. "Shoot him! Kill him!"

"Thet air 's jes' w'at I tole Mary Ann," replied the scout, priming his rifle.

Jackson snatched up an old musket that had been flung down by some one and aimed it. It snapped harmlessly. He dashed it aside with furious emphasis and stood gazing in stark anger.

On came that steady, shining line, the regiment of Highlanders stepping all as one man.

"Blow 'em up!" yelled Jackson. "Blow 'em to the devil! Shoot that officer! Everybody aim at him! Do you hear? Shoot that man on the horse!"

"Thet 's the doctrine w'at I 'm er preachin' ter Mary Ann," responded Peevy.

Vasseur was so excited that he forgot to prime his gun and, when at last he did prime it, he had rammed home three loads, and so, when he fired, it almost kicked him over. He thought he was wounded in the shoulder. He cursed in three languages.

The horseman rode right up to the ditch and waved his hand to signal the charging troops to cross it.

Peevy fired. The man's right arm fell to his side; but he took the bridle reins in his teeth and waved his hat with his left hand.

"Shoot that devil, I tell you, Peevy, shoot him!"

"Ef ye 'll shet erp yer mouth, gin'r'l, an' quit er botherin' me wi' yer talk, I 'll do it yit!" cried the scout, with peevish fretfulness in his voice. "Mary Ann cayn't stan' no sich jawin' es this yar 'at ye 'r' a-givin' us! Go on erbout yer own business an' le' me erlone!"

The general probably did not hear these words; but if he did, he made no response, for Peevy was a privileged character.

Mr. Vernon stood mute and motionless, his eyes fixed upon that desperate horseman.

"Order your men to shoot at that officer—that renegade yonder!" Jackson stormed in the old man's ear.

Mr. Vernon made no response, but turned and walked away.

Just then the batteries and the rifles of Carroll's men all roared out as one. A level flood of destruction poured across the ditch. For a few moments the smoke enveloped the American line so that nothing could be seen. Still the marksmen had the range and kept on firing by guess, doing frightful havoc.

When the cloud lifted, the whole British army had apparently melted away. All over the level field lay heaps and windrows of the slain. A few scattered redcoats shone in the distance, their wearers in precipitate flight. Broken cannon, tumbled fascines and crushed ladders marked the straggling route of the British Forty-fourth Regiment, which had been assigned to the duty of making the ditch crossable. One company, not far from the river, was seen trying to reform, although half of its men were already dead and the living ones nearly all wounded.

The rider who had been so boldly conspicuous was urging his sorely crippled horse away across the field toward the wood. He still had the reins in his teeth, while both arms dangled at his sides.

The terrible thirty-two-pounder was fired once more, and the horse went down, torn into shreds; but up rose that dark, determined cavalier and steadily continued his retreat on foot.

A yell of admiration burst forth from the victorious Americans as they gazed.

Then a still stranger sight met their eyes. A tall old man, who had climbed over the breastworks from the American side, set off at a tottering but singularly swift gait in the direction of the British lines. When he reached the fatal ditch, beyond which the ground was heaped with slain, he floundered through it and arose, muddy and dripping, on the farther bank. There he paused for a moment, wiped the ooze from his face and then went right on.

It was Max Burns, the preacher. And who was that little man running after him? The onlookers had scarcely had time to make out before the cloud of smoke settled down again and hid both from view.

Mr. Vernon stood like a grim statue while this was going on. Very well he knew what it was that impelled both Burns and Vasseur.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRISONERS.

When Lapin recoiled before the incoming men out at the plantation house and uttered the name of Pierre Rameau, Mrs. Vernon, Pauline and Mademoiselle de Sezannes began to shriek, rushing together into one another's arms.

Colonel Loring entered, followed by two or three ill-favored men. If he was surprised at seeing the three ladies so frightened at the mere mention of his name—the name he had come to like best—he did not show it in his calm, cold face, or by even the slightest movement.

He stood a moment as if to make sure of his vision and then stalked forward in his peculiar half-graceful, half-dogged way to where the group of frightened and crying women stood.

"Why, Madame Vernon!" he cried.

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"Is this you? And you, Miss Pauline! And Mademoiselle de Sezannes!"

He looked at them askance, but with no particular interest.

"Oh, it is Colonel Loring!" cried Mrs. Vernon, springing toward him, almost as if to embrace him, in her sudden sense of relief. "I was frightened nearly out of my senses; oh, I'm so very glad!"

The man smiled so that his face for the moment flashed forth a fascinating light from its almost stolid features. He took Mrs. Vernon's hand, and at the same time looked at Pauline and Mademoiselle de Sezannes.

"I am making my way to my friends," he said, "and came in here thinking to get some information. I did not dream of the pleasure of finding you here."

He told the lie with consummate ease and naturalness.

The young ladies now came forward smiling through their tears and greeted him warmly. For the moment even Mademoiselle de Sezannes forgot that he had made himself odious to her.

Meantime Lapin stood open-mouthed and wondering to see that terrible robber received so considerately by his mistress and Pauline.

"I am on my way to join the British army," Loring went on to say, with perfect indifference in his tone. "I think they are quite near here."

Mrs. Vernon recoiled from him, horrified. Pauline's face whitened.

"But you are jesting," said Mademoiselle de Sezannes. "You would not do that."

"Why not?" he demanded with something like brutal emphasis. "What should hinder me? These Americans have set a price on my head; and, besides, I am a Scotchman. I owe my allegiance to my country."

The scene in the theatre rose in Mademoiselle de Sezannes's memory at once, and so vividly that she clasped her hands and uttered a little cry of pain and anger.

Loring smiled sardonically, feeling her thought, as it were, flung upon him.

"This country is too small for both me and my enemies," he smiled, "and so for a few days I leave them in possession; but when I return," and his face showed a sudden concentration of passion, "when I return they will be glad to get out of my way."

He turned and waved his hand, and his men retired from the house.

"Go give them something to eat," he said to Lapin.

Then he began tramping heavily back and forth across the floor.

Pauline went to him and timidly yet with a certain firmness laid her hand on his arm. She walked beside him. It was a strange picture they made. The girl's impulse could not have been explained by her; she felt as if she could save him, as if some great spring in her nature compelled her to try.

The thought that the British army was very near her had affected Mrs. Vernon to such a degree that she could not feel the full force of what was impelling Pauline. As for Mademoiselle de Sezannes, she stood shivering with a chill of blended emotions while she gazed at Loring.

It is the last refinement of torture when we feel that we hate and detest and yet have to admire. Loring compelled Mademoiselle de Sezannes's admiration in some mysterious way. His manly beauty, marred with the gloom of evil as it was, had yet the fascination which captivates while it repels. As he walked with Pauline hanging on his arm, it was like Satan leading an angel of heaven, and still there came from his dark face the unmistakable and irresistible demand for sympathy.

"Do not go," murmured Pauline; "stay with us. I do not know why, but I feel that I cannot let you go."

Her appeal was so simply spoken, so earnest, so evidently straight from the heart that Loring looked down into her face with sudden softening of his cruel eyes. He did not speak, but she saw his look.

"You know that it is not right for you to—"

"Right!" he interrupted. "I never did a right thing in my life. Doing right would be a new experience."

"Begin now," she urged. "You will find it very comforting."

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, almost gruffly.

"Yes, I know."

"No, you do not. If you did, you would not touch me, speak to me, look at me. You would abhor me."

"I heard your name just a while ago."

"Ah, that name! Yes, you heard that. Is it not dreadful to you?"

"You might be a good man yet."

"The words come easily; but deeds are not so lightly fashioned. If I had always had one like you to influence me—"

"It is yourself that must do that. You are no child to be influenced. I am scarcely more than a child myself, but I know that—"

"You know absolutely nothing."

"I know that, if you would try, you could be a good man. Forgive me, if I say that you are bad; but—"

He laughed outright and looked at her as one looks at a child when it has said some laughable thing.

She let go his arm and stood facing him. Her attitude and her fresh and delicate beauty made her look like a tall, graceful flower.

He reached a hand and half caressingly touched her hair. It was the thing that a brother would have done; there was no way of resenting it.

"I'd rather have a biscuit and a glass of wine than a lecture," he said, lightly enough. "Can't you offer me something to eat and drink? I'm hungry."

"Yes, certainly."

They together approached Mrs. Vernon and Mademoiselle de Sezannes, who had been standing helplessly looking upon what was to them an inexplicable scene.

"Colonel Loring has not had dinner," Pauline said to her mother; "we must be hospitable."

Mademoiselle de Sezannes shrank away as they came up.

Loring noticed this and gave her a smile which made his face show all of its evil beauty. He waved his hand at her and said:

"You hate me because I punished Ballanche for his impudence." His lip curled. "He and Jackson will be apt to remember me," he added, after a moment's pause.

Mrs. Vernon hastened to set some food for him, and he ate and drank heartily.

Pauline was in a strange state of mind. She felt irresistibly urged from within to do something, she knew not what, for the benefit of this dark, wicked, fascinating man. It made her shudder to see him, and she shrank from the thought of his past life—knowing now that he was Pierre Rameau, the outlaw—but yet some fountain in her heart bled for him, some center of sympathy in the deepest chamber of her soul sent forth a thrill in his behalf. She was, to a degree, like one in a dream, albeit she realized to the full the hopelessness of the desire that was forming in her breast. How could she do anything to turn this strong man back from evil? She remembered that she had, when a child, seen the officials taking a young man to the scaffold to be executed. He was a mere youth, hard-faced and repulsive; but ever since she had regretted that she could not go to him and show him that one of all the world was sorry for him. Why should she recall that scene at this moment? The human heart beats through mysterious rhythms. We can never say by what labyrinths the roots of sympathy travel to reach their end. If Pauline could have known all the history of this man, she might have felt none of the inexplicable fascination which came to her like a vague but powerful reminder of something sadly but unmistakably imperative in her nature; but she was aware now of just enough to arouse all the romance as well as all the pity that an inexperienced young girl's heart can compass.

When Loring arose from the table at which he had eaten, he turned to Mademoiselle de Sezannes and appeared about to speak, but he checked himself.

"Thank you," he said to Mrs. Vernon. "I was very hungry. I will now go to the British lines, unless"—he hesitated just for a breath—"unless you will permit me to help you and the young ladies back to New Orleans. Indeed, this is no place for you."

He had scarcely ceased speaking, when one of his men unceremoniously broke into the room and exclaimed, with blunt, rough vehemence:

"We're surrounded! The British are all around the place!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 47.]

◆

A THANKSGIVING HERITAGE.

Quite brusque is Fauntleroy, for he
Did eat the breast of our turkee,
The cranb'ry sauce and celeree,
The oranges and wine jellee,
The mince and squash and pumpkin pies,
The nuts, the cakes that did not "rise,"
The syllabubs and flummeries,
And got the wish-bone as his prize!
Result:
Quick, bring some pepsine—else he dies!

◆

—The Lord Chancellor of England, on retiring from office, has a pension of £5,000 a year for life whether his term of office has been long or short.

NEVA'S THREE LOVERS.[*]

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "Her Double Life," "Beryl's Husband," "Edith Trevor's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR THE PLOTTERS.

"WHAT are we to do now?" demanded the young earl, as the searching party, composed of Sir Harold, the young earl, Mr. Atkins and Ryan, the detective, paused at the open door of the cab.

Sir Harold looked at his daughter's lover with haggard eyes.

"I am worn out with excitement and fatigue," said the baronet, in a low, weary voice. "I will go back to the hotel and lie down. I must not become worn out. Heaven knows I shall need all my strength."

"And you, Atkins?" said Lord Towyn.

"I shall try to catch a nap also," said the solicitor, gloomily. "I'm tired, too. I can't stand it to go banging back to Kent by the first south-bound train."

"And you, Ryan?" asked the earl.

"I don't know," said the detective. "I want to think over what has happened and see if I can get any new ideas."

He raised his hat and walked away.

"I'll take a stroll about the town, Sir Harold," said the earl. "I feel strangely restless and not at all sleepy. I slept very well last night on the train—as well as I have slept since Neva disappeared. I'll meet you and Atkins in our sitting-room at the Railway Hotel by four o'clock."

Sir Harold and Atkins entered the cab, and were driven to their hotel. The young earl watched the cab until it disappeared from sight, and then he walked down the street, idly taking his way toward the river.

The wind blew fiercely—a very wintry wind, as cold and keen as if it blew directly from the North Pole.

"Pretty weather for this season!" he muttered. "The gale of night before last has not quite blown itself out, and is giving us a few parting puffs."

He walked down to the wharves and stood by the water's edge, his hat pulled over his fair brows to keep it on, his hands in his pockets, the very picture of a careless saunterer, but a great wave of despair was surging in his heart.

"My poor Neva!" he said to himself. "Where is she this wild day? Does she begin to think I am never coming?"

His wild glances straying over the boats in the river settled at that instant upon a graceful yacht just coming to anchor. He could read on her stern her name—*The Arrow*. He watched her idly for a long time. He saw a boat lowered from her deck and two sailors descend into it. A gentleman in greatcoat and tall silk hat followed them, and was rowed shoreward.

The young earl started, his blue eyes flaming. Something in the attitude and carriage of the gentleman excited his keenest scrutiny. As the boat came nearer and the faces of its occupants were revealed more plainly, a strange cry sprang to Lord Towyn's lips. He had recognized in the tall, strange gentleman his own and Neva's enemy, Craven Black!

It was a strange fatality that had brought Craven Black to Inverness at the very time when his enemies were there.

The cold weather had set in early in his Highland retreat, and already a foretaste of winter reigned in the Wilderness. Octavia's cold had settled upon her lungs, and she coughed dismally and in a way that made Artress tremble lest the wealth upon which they all counted and Octavia's life should die out together. Medicine was needed imperatively, and so were all manner of winter supplies; and it was for these things Craven Black had ventured from his stronghold like some beast of prey, and when he should have obtained them he intended to return to the Wilderness and there wait patiently until Neva should yield.

He sprang nimbly from the boat on reaching the wharf, and, taking the cigar from his mouth, said, in a voice loud enough to convey his words to the ears of Lord Towyn, whom he had not seen:

"I am going up among the shops, boys, to make my purchases. I shall go nowhere except to the shops, for I don't want to incur any risks. Be guarded, and say nothing to any one about your business or employer. I sha'n't go aboard under two or three hours, and you can spend the time in some gin-shop. Here's a crown to divide between you, but don't get drunk. Remember, we must get all our stores aboard early and be off at daybreak. Be back here in a couple of hours."

The men assented and took the money given them, hurrying away. Craven Black walked in an opposite direction and was soon lost to view.

Lord Towyn turned his gaze on the yacht. He saw that a man had been left in charge of the yacht, for the captain stood on the deck, smoking a pipe.

A waterman was rowing along the river near the wharves, and Lord Towyn signaled to him. He came up swiftly to the edge of the wharf upon which the young earl stood.

"Row me out to the yacht yonder," said Lord Towyn, springing into the boat. "I'll board her on the further side."

He sat down, and the waterman pulled lustily out into the stream. In a very brief space of time the boat had crept into the shadow of the yacht on its further side, and the earl climbed lightly to the deck.

The captain approached him, scowling.

"Hallo, you there! What do you want?" he demanded gruffly. "This here's a private yacht, sir."

"So I supposed," said his lordship, coolly. "It belongs to Mr. Craven Black, doesn't it?"

The pipe fell from the captain's hands. He changed color.

"I don't know as it makes no difference who it belongs to," he said, blustering. "I work for pay, and it makes no difference to you who I work for. Get, young man!"

"Come, come!" said Lord Toywn, sternly, his blue eyes blazing with a light that terrified the captain. "None of your bluff, fellow. It won't work with me. I know with whom I am dealing. You are the servant of Craven Black, and what have you to urge against my having you indicted with him for the abduction of Miss Wynde?"

The captain fairly gasped for breath. He looked helplessly toward the shore.

"I haven't done nothing," he muttered presently, quailing under the steady, fixed and stern gaze of the earl's blue eyes. "I've hired as cap'n and I am cap'n; but that's all. On my soul, I ain't no party to no abduction."

"Your past character will be examined to throw light upon your present motives and doings," said the earl, with a telling random shot.

The captain winced and quavered.

"Now see here, my man," said Lord Towyn, following up his advantage. "If you have done anything wrong in the past, it will be like a leaden weight to drag you down when the officers of the law arrest you for assisting in the abduction of Miss Wynde. It makes no difference to you who I am. Your game is up. The officers of the law have accompanied us up from London. There are four of us in all upon the trail of Craven Black. Refuse to do as I tell you, and I'll call yonder policeman on the wharf and give you up on the charge of abducting a lady of rank and fortune."

"What do you want of me?" the captain asked, falteringly. "I haven't had my pay from Mr. Black, and he'll kill me if I betray him."

"He need not know that you have betrayed him," said our hero. "You need not leave this vessel. All that you have to do to secure your safety is this: Tell me exactly the whereabouts of Miss Wynde, and her friends will follow the yacht at a safe distance, quite out of sight from your deck, and you can remain on board and collect your pay of Mr. Black. He need not suspect that you have betrayed him."

"And what will I gain by betraying him?"

"Your freedom from arrest. You see the policeman still stands on the wharf? So sure as you refuse to speak, and speak quickly, I'll call him!"

Lord Towyn meant what he said, and the captain comprehended the fact. He saw that Craven Black had been caught in a trap, and with the usual instinct of villainy, he resolved to save himself from the general ruin.

"You swear that I shall be protected if I tell the truth?" he asked.

"I do."

"I suppose it's penal servitude for abducting a young lady," said the captain. "Jack said so last night. Blamed if I haven't been sick of the job, anyhow. I don't mind a mutiny at sea, when there's

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cause, but I can't relish making war on a helpless girl, and I haven't from the first."

"Come to the point! Where is Miss Wynde?"

"At a place up in the mountains owned by Mr. Black, and called the Wilderness."

"Miss Wynde is there and Mrs. Black?"

"Yes; and the servants and Mrs. Artress."

"How far from here is the Wilderness?"

"About twenty miles, if you could go direct, which you can't. It's forty miles by water. You know Cromarty Frith, up in Ross—and—Cromarty?"

Lord Towyn assented.

"You go about half-way up the Frith and turn into a river that leads up among the mountains. The stream grows narrower as you ascend, but the water remains deep, and at last your boat fetches into a small loch lying at the foot of the mountains and surrounded by them. A steep mountain rises right before you. Half-way up its side lies a wide ledge, and on that the house is built. It's a wild-looking spot, sir, and a dreary one. It's mighty cold up there, and I haven't relished the prospect of spending the winter there."

The earl asked several questions to make himself conversant with the route, and also to make sure that the man was not lying to him. Assured on this point, he said:

"Craven Black intends to return home in the morning. He must not suspect that you have betrayed him. Keep the secret, and we will do so."

The captain's look of fear showed conclusively that he would be careful not to allow his employer to suspect his treachery.

After a few further words, Lord Towyn returned to the shore.

"Anything more, sir?" asked the waterman, as the boat ground against the wharf.

"Nothing more—unless," added the earl, with a sudden thought, "you could direct me to a small vessel, a fast sailer, that I could hire for a day or two. I should want a couple of men to take charge of her."

"I don't know of any such boat," said the waterman, scratching his head. "And yet *The Lucky* might suit you, sir, though it isn't a gentleman's boat. She's built for a fishing vessel, is brand-new and had a trial sail the day afore the gale, when she went like a bird."

"I'd like to see her. Take me out to her."

The Lucky lay out in the stream, half a mile further inland. Lord Towyn rode out to her and found her joint owners, two brothers, on board. He went over the vessel and found it new and clean and in fine order. The owners were willing to let the little craft with their services, and the young earl hired it for a week, paying in advance twice the sum the thrifty Scotchmen demanded for it.

"She must be provisioned immediately," said Lord Towyn. "Her destination is a secret, which I will tell you in the morning. I have three friends who will make the excursion with me. We shall want blankets and all kinds of cooked meats and stores. We must leave Inverness at daybreak. Come ashore with me, one of you, and I will select the stores we are likely to need."

One of the brothers accompanied the earl ashore, and conducted him to various shops, Lord Towyn keeping a keen lookout for Black, in order to avoid him.

Blankets and mattresses and bed linen were sent down to *The Lucky*; various kinds of cooked meats, including rounds of roast beef, roasted chickens, meat puddings, ham and veal pies, smoked salmon and boiled ham, were packed in hampers and sent aboard; and Lord Towyn added baskets of fruits, both dried and fresh, and jams and confitures of every sort in abundance, besides boxes of biscuits.

"It looks like a v'y'ge to Ingy," said Macdonald, the one of the two brothers who had accompanied Lord Towyn ashore, contemplating the array of stores with kindling eyes. "We can provision a ship's crew to Australy."

"Whatever is left, you will be welcome to," said the earl, smiling.

The young lord saw his new purchases deposited on board *The Lucky*, and himself attended to the arrangement of the little cabin, and then paying his waterman liberally, he returned to his hotel.

The day had passed swiftly, and he found that it was nearly five o'clock of the short afternoon, and the street-lamps were lighted, when he entered his hotel and went upstairs, two steps at a time, to his sitting-room.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FINAL MOVE IMPENDING.

The young Lord Towyn came into his sitting-room and the presence of his friends like a sunny south breeze, all hopefulness and gladness. He found Sir Harold walking the floor, his head bowed upon his breast, his face ghastly pale, his eyes haggard, his mind bordering upon distraction. The father's anxieties concerning his missing daughter were almost more than the overstrung brain and tortured heart could bear.

Mr. Atkins stood at the window, sullenly despairing.

Ryan, completely at his wits' end, sat before the blazing fire in a crouching attitude and with crestfallen visage.

Sir Harold, Atkins and Ryan turned, as by one impulse, toward the young earl, as he bounded lightly into the room. Their eyes expressed their wonder at the change few hours had wrought in him.

"You look like incarnate sunshine, Arthur," said the baronet, sadly. "Ah, the elastic spirit of youth!"

The young lord advanced joyously, his fair face aglow with the gladness that filled his being. He took off his greatcoat and hat, great drops of sleet or rain falling from them, and shook himself, as he said:

"There's a mist beginning to fall. We shall have a wet day to-morrow."

Sir Harold looked more keenly at the young earl, and a sudden excitement possessed him.

"What has happened, Arthur?" he demanded. "You have news of Neva?"

The glad smiles rippled like waves of sunlight over the young lord's mouth, and a joyous light danced in his blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, "I have news of Neva."

In an instant Sir Haroid, Atkins and Ryan crowded around our hero, all eagerness and excitement.

"Is she here, at Inverness?" cried Atkins. "Have you seen her?"

"No; she is hidden among the Highlands, up in Ross and Cromarty. She is safe and well."

"But how do you know it?" demanded Ryan, full of professional zeal at once.

Lord Towyn took in his own the right hand of Sir Harold and pressed it, as he answered gravely:

"I have seen Craven Black!"

A series of exclamations burst from the earl's hearers. Sir Harold Wynde trembled like a leaf, and turned his back upon the keen-eyed detective.

"Black is here?" ejaculated Ryan, all thoughts of "the mysterious Mr. Hunlow" lost in his sudden amazement. "Then our trip to Scotland was not a wild-goose chase, after all? Tell me where he is, my lord."

"Leave the management of the affair to me for the present," said Lord Towyn. "You have placed us on the right track, and you shall have all the credit for doing so, but we want no arrests, no noise, no scandal. The matter must be hushed up for family reasons. No whisper must go forth to the world of the wickedness of Lady Wynde. The failure of the conspirators must be their punishment."

"Yes, yes," said Harold. "The earl is right. There must be no scandal."

The detective shot a keen glance at the baronet, whose back was still toward him.

"I have discovered," continued Lord Towyn, "that Craven Black has an old house up in the Highlands, and that he has Neva there in close imprisonment. Neva has all the courage for which we gave her credit, and holds out stoutly against her enemies. Black apprehends a long stay in the Highlands while reducing her to subjection, and has come to Inverness to-day for winter stores. His yacht lies in the river, and he will be off at daybreak."

"What are we to-do?" exclaimed Atkins. "He will escape us. It will be necessary to arrest him."

"I have made all the preparations for pursuit," replied our hero. "I have a sloop, provisioned and ready, in which we will follow the yacht. We will dine here and at a late hour this evening we will go aboard our vessel. We must be off in the morning, soon after the yacht."

At ten o'clock that evening they quitted their hotel and went down to the wharf.

A fine mist was falling. The river was shrouded in darkness, but watery gleams of light came from the yacht and the other vessels lying in the river.

The party had hardly come to a halt upon the wharf when a small boat manned by two rowers shot out of the gloom and ran alongside the landing-place.

"Is it you, Macdonald?" asked the young earl, bending forward and straining his eyes through the darkness.

"Aye, aye, sir. Is it you, my lord?" said Macdonald, in a loud whisper.

"You are in time," said Lord Town.

The earl assisted Sir Harold into the boat and sprang in after him. Atkins and Ryan followed, and the boat shot out again into the stream. A vigorous row of several minutes on the part of the brothers Macdonald, brought the party alongside *The Lucky*, and they climbed to her deck.

The young earl led the way out of the wet and gloom down into the cabin. There was no fire here, but a lantern hung from the ceiling, shedding a bright light upon the table and the bench around it. The air was chilly, and the small cabin, despite its snugness, had the comfortless appearance usual to a ship's cabin.

"It's cold here," said the elder Macdonald, the captain of the sloop. "I'll just mix you a punch. There's nothing like a good punch to keep the rheumatiz out of one's bones."

He brought from the pantry a spirit lamp, which he lighted. Over this, upon a light frame-work, he placed a tea-kettle. Then he brought out an immense bowl and ladle, a netted bag full of lemons, a tin can of sugar, various spices and a jug of Scotch whisky. When the water in the tea-kettle boiled he rolled up his sleeves and set to work, concocting a punch which proved a success. The four passengers, as well as the two Macdonalds, did full justice to the warming beverage.

About eleven o'clock Sir Harold Wynde was persuaded to retire to a state-room and berth, but he did not sleep. A host of anxieties pressed upon him, and he tossed for hours on his hard bed, the prey of a torturing anguish.

Atkins and Ryan retired to sleep.

Lord Towyn went out upon the deck and walked to and fro with Macdonald, whom he found to be a shrewd, kindly Scotchman, and he told him enough concerning the misdeeds of Craven Black and the abduction of Miss Wynde to interest him personally in the restoration of Neva to her friends.

"We must keep an eye upon the yacht all night," said the earl. "She may creep out in the darkness; and if she attempts that, we will creep after. I know the route she will take, but I prefer to arrive at the inland loch not an hour behind her."

"I will keep watch," said Macdonald. "You ought to get a little sleep, my lord."

"I cannot sleep," answered Lord Towyn, more to himself than to his new ally. "My veins seem full of quicksilver to-night, rather than full of blood. So near to her—so near!"

He paced the deck alone in the mist and the darkness. Around him the watery gleams of light flickered upon the river, and from the wharves other watery gleams strayed, looking like reflections of the first. The bells rang the hours with muffled clangor. A strange ghostliness fell upon the dark river and the sleeping city.

All through the night Lord Towyn continued his weary tramping to and fro upon the deck. One of the Macdonalds shared his vigil; the other slept.

The Arrow lay quietly at her moorings throughout the night, but at daybreak signs of activity were seen upon her deck. The morning had not fairly dawned when the yacht slipped out of the stream, heading toward Moray Frith.

The breeze was favorable to her progress, without being astern, and she bowled away at a fine rate of speed. The young earl, looking through a sea glass, could distinguish four figures upon the deck of *The Arrow*, and one of these he recognized as that of Craven Black.

"Shall we shake out the sails, my lord?" asked the elder Macdonald. "The yacht goes well, but I fancy we might show her the heels of *The Lucky* in a fair race. We can keep her in sight the whole distance."

"That won't do, Macdonald. Black most not suspect he's followed. This mist is like a vail, and will conceal us if we keep at a reasonable distance behind. Let him get half way to Fort George and then we will start."

In good time, when *The Arrow* had made about the distance indicated as desirable, *The Lucky* slipped from her moorings, and shaking out her sails as a bird shakes its wings, she flew onward over the waters in pursuit.

The sloop was half-way to the fort, and the yacht was out of sight, when the baronet, fully dressed, and showing by his haggard face that he had not slept during the night, came out upon the deck.

The young earl took Sir Harold's arm and they walked the deck together, conversing in low tones.

A little later Mr. Atkins and Ryan appeared, and the four passengers adjourned to the cabin, where the younger Macdonald, who acted as steward, had set out upon the cabin table a formidable array of cold meats, bread, biscuits and fruits, both fresh and preserved. A pot of hot coffee had also been provided, and a bowl of hot punch was ready for those who preferred it.

After breakfast the passengers returned to the deck.

They passed Fort George in good time, and came out into the rougher waters of the Moray Frith. Here their progress was less rapid. *The Lucky* lurched somewhat; but when she turned into the straits, and finally emerged into the smoother waters of Cromarty Frith, she was moving as steadily, although by no means as swiftly, as a bird upon the wing.

The Arrow was out of sight, and Macdonald crowded on all the sail the small sloop would bear. It was well he did so, for as the day wore on the wind grew shifty, and sometimes blew dead ahead, and the average speed up the Cromarty Frith did not exceed four miles an hour.

It was after midday when they turned into the river which led to the loch of the Wilderness. Lord Towyn recognized the stream by the description that had been given him, and unhesitatingly directed an advance. Sir Harold and Mr. Atkins had many misgivings as the sloop crept slowly up the river, a mere deep cut between high hills, their progress like the snail's, but they did not venture to express it to their hopeful and confident young guide.

As the stream grew narrower their misgivings increased, and the young earl read their thoughts in their grave faces.

"Courage!" he said, approaching the baronet. "It is true we barely creep along here, and the day is wearing on, but the yacht has had to go slowly here also, and cannot be much in advance of us."

"But, Arthur," suggested the baronet, giving voice to his apprehensions, "suppose that the man of the yacht deceived you as to the proper route, or that we have taken the wrong course in running up this river? I can't believe that any one can make a cut in the hills like this one an approach even to a Highland stronghold. No wind can strike our sails, or so little, at any rate, that we could easily walk faster than we sail, if only we had a level road to walk on. And if we *are* upon the wrong tack what will become of Neva, my poor wronged little Neva?"

His voice trembled as he asked the question.

"I know we are going straight to her, Sir Harold," said the earl, hopefully. "Believe and trust in my convictions. You may smile at the idea, but I feel that I am getting nearer and nearer to Neva with every inch we gain."

The night closed in early in that wild Highland region, a night of wind and mist. Not a light gleamed from the deck of *The Lucky*, as she felt her way between the narrowing rocks. About six o'clock of the early evening she glided from the narrow river with a sudden bound, as a puff of wind filled her flapping sails, into the hidden loch of the Wilderness.

The yacht lay at anchor at the further side of the loch, and a mile away. A lantern hung at her masthead, and the forms of men were seen in the spectral glare, moving to and fro on her deck.

"We have come to the right place, you see!" said Lord Towyn, exultantly. "This is the loch. Yonder lies the yacht but recently come in. The men are busy unloading their purchases."

Sir Harold and Atkins swept the bold and rocky shores with their keen glances. The rugged steeps were black and bare, and in the dense gloom they saw no gleaming lights, no signs of habitation.

"We must come to anchor up in the deeper shadow of this overhanging cliff," said Lord Towyn.

The order was obeyed.

"Now lower a boat," said the earl. "We will go ashore."

The boat was lowered; the two Macdonalds and the four passengers entered it, and the boat was rowed toward the yacht, keeping close to the black shore.

As they drew near, a row-boat was seen to shoot away from the yacht. The Macdonalds held their oars uplifted until the yacht's boat had grounded on the shore, and the three seamen belonging to the yacht had landed. Two of the three employees of Craven Black loaded themselves with hampers and parcels, and the third preceded them up the steep and circuitous path in the mountain side, bearing a lantern which he swung at his side.

"They are all gone up the cliff," said the earl. "No one is left to watch the shore. Strike out, men. Let us land and follow them up the mountain. The man with the lantern shall guide us as well as his comrades."

To say was to do. The sloop's boat speedily grounded on the strip of beach, and Lord Towyn leaped out and sought for the entrance to the narrow path up which the three figures were slowly climbing, one still waving his light. The path was found. The earl bade the boatman wait, and the four men, Lord Towyn, Sir Harold Wynde, Mr. Atkins and Ryan, glided up the path toward the Wilderness like so many shadows.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 47.]

FROM THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Dress is Legitimately an absorbing theme with women, and the woman who disclaims interest in discussing it or who ridicules her sisters who pay suitable attention to its demands, lacks certain feminine and womanly attributes. There should be a distinction, however, in the motives which lead us to consider dress a subject of importance. Beauty has a powerful influence over most of us. A humorously pathetic story told by a writer in the *Christian Union*, of an old man whose life had been spent with a severely plain, ill-dressed wife and who secretly purchased a flaxen-haired doll to gratify his latent love of the beautiful, will illustrate the principle. Actual physical beauty is a rare gift but pleasant, cheery, cleanly looks and agreeable dressing go far toward answering the same purpose. The woman who studies the question of dress in order that she may find and appropriate that which is becoming and appropriate, who makes a careful study of color and outlines from an artistic standpoint, and who seeks to emphasize every one of her good points and to disguise those which are less attractive is adding materially to her influence for good at home and abroad. But when dress becomes a paramount consideration in a woman's life and simply a means of gratifying her vanity or eclipsing her neighbors, it is a lamentable perversion and injures herself and all who come under her influence.

Mr. Jay Gould's beautiful conservatories at Irvington, on the Hudson, are always open to visitors, and, to a lover of flowers, furnish the most interesting sight to be found in the country. The conservatory of roses has great terraces of the choicest buds—Bon Silene, Catherine Mermet, Bride roses, Nephetis and Jacqueminots—whose rich color and fragrance entrance the visitor. The pink-house is forty feet long, and forty-five varieties of carnations are in bloom all the year round. Ferns and palms are so numerous and choice as to rival the famous gardens of London and Paris. Hundreds of pots of violets, ten thousand orchid plants, hundreds of camellias and lilies and a house devoted entirely to begonias and stephanotis, an extensive grapery and tropical plants in great profusion are among other attractions of the place. Since the death of his wife, Mr. Gould has given more attention than ever to the study of plants, flowers and fruits, and now intends to make large additions to his conservatories, among them a peach and orange grove, a banana plantation and a house for rhododendrons and azaleas.

The Most Beautiful unmarried young princess in all Europe is the youngest daughter of the king of the Belgians, the Princess Clementina. She is just twenty-two years of age, very tall, has beautiful dark hair and eyes and carries herself like a queen. She has led a sad life on account of the misfortunes that have befallen her family. The suicide of her favorite brother-in-law, the Archduke Rudolph, and the death of Prince Baudouin of Flanders, who had been mentioned as her possible husband, have combined to impress her with the feeling that she should spend her days in the retirement of a convent. But a marriage with the crown-prince of Italy or Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is being discussed. She has a beautiful young girl-friend, the Princess Josephine of Flanders, who is fair-haired, blue-eyed and always happy and is the greatest heiress in all Europe.

Invalids Who Wish to Visit the World's Fair are to be provided with a delightfully comfortable mode of conveyance, which will do away with the necessity of walking. This is an electrical tricycle, with a chair-frame, under which is suspended a storage battery, which transmits power to the wheels. A small front wheel, governed by a lever, furnishes the guiding power; and to operate the machine it is only necessary to take a seat in the chair, press a button and take the lever-handle. The battery is warranted to last fourteen hours, and the machines, rendered necessary by the exclusion of carriages from the grounds, will be rented by the hour, the exposition sharing in the profits.

Pietro Mascagni, the brilliant young musical composer, whose "Cavelleria Rusticana" attracted so much attention last season, has finished a new opera, "Les Rantzans," which is soon to be performed in Florence. He has also in hand two operas, "Vestilia" and "Zanetto," and will attempt a grand five-act opera, "Nero."

Mrs. Wickens, of Sabetha, Kansas, is the newly elected president of the National Woman's Relief Corps. She has served two years as president of the Kansas department, and filled other important official positions.

By a special order of President Harrison, the widows of Union soldiers and sailors who have once been employed by the government will not be forced to undergo a civil-service examination when re-appointed.

The fine collection of Gustave Doré's paintings, which has been on exhibition in London for twenty-one years, has been brought to New York, where it will remain for six months and possibly for a year.

The pistols used by Aaron Burr in the famous duel with Alexander Hamilton have been found in Pike County, Illinois, and will be exhibited at the World's Fair.

Only eight of the sixty-nine thousand Frenchmen who fought under Napoleon at Waterloo are now alive and in France.

It is reported that Salvini is soon to make a tour of the world, and will play a long engagement in this country.

The members of a club of rich young men in Venice are pledged to marry poor girls.

Eighteen hundred girls were graduated from the Boston Cooking School last year.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

What Indian Boys Must Learn.

American-Indian boys are wonderfully accomplished young beings. It would greatly surprise you to see the things they can do with the simplest tools and weapons. An Indian boy can bring down a wild duck with a small round stone. He can hit wild fowl and quail with the same rude implement, using, if the game be far away, a sling-shot to "carry" farther. He can wield an ax so truly that small sections of wood are straight and flat enough, after he has chopped them, to be used for building purposes.

This comes by long practice, you will hear many people say. But an Indian mother will tell you that there is another element to be found in her boy's skillful work. She will tell you that much of it is real brain-work. Fancy brain-work in wood-chopping or stone-throwing! It seems ridiculous to us, does it not? But the Indian mother will tell you, in her quaint half-English: "Me learn boy to master himself. Me teach boy to measure force. Me teach boy to pay attention."

And when he has learned all these things, then he can throw a stone.

What an Irish Boy Eats.

Have any of the *Ledger* children had the pleasure of ever seeing a real Irish boy—not a boy who is merely born of Irish parents, nor one who has been in this country many years, but a real Irish boy, fresh from the shores of the Emerald Isle and with the breezes of old Erin still clinging to him?

Well, he is the most refreshing object you can imagine. His cheeks are as red and as hard as the finest fall pippin you ever saw. His skin is as clear as the Lakes of Killarney, and he is so sturdy that it makes you feel strong just to look at him. He is a fine fellow, the real Irish boy, and upon what do you suppose he lives principally? Not upon pies and cake, you may be sure, nor yet upon ice-cream and candy. Oh, no! Though, no doubt he would like them. But the Killarney boy seldom gets these things. In place of them he gets buttermilk—just buttermilk.

He can have potatoes with it, or he can have oatmeal, but buttermilk is his principal food. Just fancy living upon buttermilk! Yet, what splendid, sturdy fellows it makes!

Boys in Other Countries.

Among the Scotch, "Mac" means "son." The Normans have "Fitz." The Welch title for son is "ap." The Arabian eldest son is "Ben," as "Ben Hur," which, in Arabia, means the "eldest son of Hur." In the Irish language "O" originally meant son. Within the last century, however, these titles have ceased to be merely titles and have become proper names, and so they have lost their special significance. In America we have Fitzsimmons, Apgars, MacCoshes and O'Briens who are eldest sons of fathers who write their names in just the same way. So the little prefixes mean very little now. But it is interesting to know what they meant to our ancestors.

Valuable Little Legs.

The French government gives particular directions that all homeless babies be very carefully cared for. The nurses who have them in charge in the big Foundling Home in Paris treat the poor little waifs a thousand times better than they would ever have been treated in poor-houses.

"Why do you bandage that baby's legs so carefully?" was asked of one of these Paris nurses.

"Because these legs are the legs of the French army, and we reinforce them day by day," was the quick reply.

A German Adage for Children.

Boys and girls should not rebel when they have to share their good times with others. It is not pleasant to give up one's playthings, nor to divide one's candy and fruit. But it is good to do this—good practice for boys and girls who want to become great men and women. The Germans have a wise old saying: "Only a hog or other brute is better by himself."

Make a Collection.

It is an interesting thing for a boy or girl to be constantly making a collection of something. Let it be of postage-stamps, if opportunity offers, or of minerals, flowers or bugs. At this season of the year it is a pretty idea to get varieties of autumn-leaves and fall mosses. Label carefully, giving the name of each and where found.

A Pretty Swedish Custom.

A Swedish bride always distributes bread to the children who line her pathway on her road to church. It is a Swedish belief that each bite taken by a child prevents a future misfortune from overtaking the happy bride. Something like distributing wedding-cake in America—isn't it?—only different!

Good to a Little Ex-Prince.

The French government is very good to the children of its dethroned rulers. It gives them everything they want. The little Prince of Ammon is kept supplied with cigarettes of which he is very fond, although he no longer rules. Rather a doubtful kindness we should call this, should we not?

Correspondence

An Invention.—Ocala writes: "I have invented a frictionless valve and steam-chest for engines. Can the *Ledger* tell me if there is any way I can find out whether my invention is something new or only an infringement on somebody's else patent. Will I have to go to any great expense to ascertain what I wish to know?" *Answer:* Write to Hon. Charles E. Mitchell, Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. The cost of ascertaining whether your invention is totally new will probably be little. Any one can for himself find out whether an invention infringes upon another's, by consulting Patent-Office Reports found in nearly every large public library. Or any patent solicitor will conduct the "preliminary examination" for five dollars. The minimum expense, once you take measures through the Patent Office, ranges from fifteen to thirty dollars, depending upon the circumstances whether you draw up your own application, specifications, make your own drawings, or you employ a solicitor.

Algebraic Problem.—Rives writes: "A wine-merchant has two kinds of wine: One worth 50 cents a quart, and the other 75 cents a quart. From these he wishes to make a mixture of 400 quarts, worth 60 cents a quart. How many quarts must he take of each kind?" *Answer:* He will have 400 quarts worth 60 cents a quart. Let $x =$ number of quarts of 50-cent wine he will use; and $400 - x =$ quarts of 75-cent wine he will use. Then $50x =$ the value of the 50 cent wine he will use; and $75(400-x) =$ the value of the 75-cent wine he will use. Now these added together equal the value of the mixture, or 400×60, or 24,000. So we have $50x + 30{,}000 - 75x = 24{,}000$. Simplifying this equation, we have $25x = 6{,}000$, or $x = 240$. Accordingly he will use 240 quarts of the 50-cent wine, and $400 - 240$, or 160 quarts of the 75-cent wine.

Education for Poor Boys. (Pink.)—Read carefully the article in our Thanksgiving issue, "How Poor Boys Earn Their Way Through American Colleges." You will find that a bright and resolute youngster can develop many methods of partially or fully paying his expenses if he puts his shoulder to the wheel. The conditions are about the same in large academies and preparatory schools as they are in our colleges. Communication with the principals of the well-known academies at Andover, Exeter, Easthampton and Wilbraham, Mass., and St. Paul's School, at Concord, N. H., will doubtless give to you specific information regarding what a promising boy of eighteen years of age can do to diminish his expenses and earn money for himself.

Date of Autumnal Equinox in 1492. (St. Louis.)—As the autumnal equinox comes on the same day each year as regards absolute time, it came on that day in 1492. In other words it is not a day "movable" annually. The day, according to our present calendar, is September 21. But, according to the inaccurate "Julian" calendar in vogue in 1492, it was September 12.

Intoxication. (Iowa.)—Should a young lady accept the company of a man who gets intoxicated, although in other respects he is a gentleman? Certainly not. A self-respecting woman should set a better example than to place such a man on a level with others who are without blame in this regard.

Pestered with Beaux. (Joy.)—This correspondent avers that, being good-looking, she has many beaux, some of whom she wishes to be rid of, if she only knew how. She should introduce them to some young lady who is very much more charming than herself, or one who has more money.

An English City Directory. (Spectacles.)—To ascertain how you can obtain a copy of the Birmingham (England) business directory, write to Hon. Julian Pauncefort, K. C. B., British minister to this country, at Washington, D. C.

Bering (Houston, Tex.)—Vitus Bering, the discoverer of Bering Strait, was born in Denmark, in 1680, and his ancestors were Danish. He served in the Russian navy, and in 1732 discovered the strait bearing his name.

Etiquette for Brides. (I. J. E.)—A bride may appear at church or at any family gathering at any time immediately before or after her marriage. One may not be criticised unfavorably for such appearance.

Coin Value. (A Reader.)—The United States half-dollar of 1826 has only its face value. Consult the advertising columns of the *Ledger* from week to week for information about coin-dealers.

Various. C. G. A. and other correspondents can learn of reliable coin-dealers by reading our advertising columns from week to week......(Pierpont.)—"Temptation; or, The Lady of Ashurst," has not been published in the "Ledger Library." ......(C. R. F.)—For information in choosing law-books to study at home, consult an attorney, or, if there is none in your village, write to the dean of the Harvard or the Yale or the Columbia Law School for a catalogue of the school and examine the list of prescribed text-books......(Florida.)—A correspondent who thinks that he has mailed a question and fails to find an answer should repeat his *question* when he writes again...... (Brooklyn.)—The firms advertising in the *Ledger* are entirely trustworthy. As your communication was accidentally overlooked, write again to the firm......(Inquirer.)—The *Call*, the *Chronicle* and the *Bulletin* are the leading dailies of San Francisco.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

Science

How to Cure a Cold. The following is the advice given by a prominent doctor for getting rid of a cold: When the first symptoms manifest themselves is the time for action, and this should consist of a hot mustard foot-bath before going to bed and a hot draught of milk. The covering of the body should be linen and wool, the former in the way of the sheet and the latter in the blanket. No attempt to get up an active sweating should be made. The foot-bath and the warm drink will give a sense of warmth and facilitate the natural excretion of materials which should pass away by the skin, and any effort to aggravate this will be not only superfluous but harmful. The blanket should never be worn next to the night-robe, and should not be so thick as to confine the air next to the body. It is, indeed, often advisable to lighten the covering of the feet, and to preserve a certain amount of weight over the loins, and to have the shoulders protected from the external surroundings in general. The last measure is not to be underrated. A sensitive lung carries with it susceptibility to take to itself everything that could possibly affect it to its detriment. Lung diseases belong to sensitive persons, and may or may not be the sequence of a "cold." The majority of them, however, can be traced to imprudence in dress and exposure. Pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption are partners of carelessness in the dressing of the chest and back, and "colds," which might stop at the throat by a little prudence, are their apprentices. If you have unconsciously contracted a cold and want to get relief from it, you must, in the first place, avoid too much medication. A properly clad skin and a clear digestion ought to shorten the life of the "cold." If a little comfort can be secured by wearing a light covering on the head during indoor hours, it should be respected. Ventilation of apartments comes in for a slight amount of attention, and it should be simply sufficient to furnish fresh air and not to produce currents which can be appreciated. Nothing is more fallacious than the belief that health is promoted and life prolonged by air in excess, and this is proved by tombstones. There are a few good remedies which appeal to us as matters of tradition. Our grandparents used them with effect, and we might follow their example without injury. One of these is sassafras tea, another is boneset tea and another is senna tea. Each has its office, and each is of value in its peculiar line, and at the same time is harmless.

When the inventor of the thermometer succeeded in making his first specimen, he had no idea of what far-reaching sequence the measurement of blood heat would have for the development of medical science. The great physician, Boerhaave, in Holland, was the first during the eighteenth century who conceived the importance of the thermometer in measuring fever-heat. His pupils, Van Swieten and de Haen, in Vienna, applied the instrument assiduously, and made a great many valuable observations. They found that the fever temperature is almost always higher in the evening than in the morning; that the increase of heat takes place even during the chill; that the velocity of the pulse is not always keeping step with the rise of temperature, and that there is a very great difference between the subjective feeling of heat and the actual degree as indicated by the thermometer. The Englishman Currie treated fever patients in accordance with thermometrical indications, and in the year 1797 wrote a work upon cold-water treatment of fever patients.

A proof of the amount of "human nature" that there is in Indians is the testimony of Doctor Holder, the scientist and traveller, to the frequency of hysteria among them. They suffer also from epilepsy and hysterical epilepsy, and trance epilepsy is said to be common. The teeth of Indians are nearly always perfect, but those of half-breeds are very inferior. Ear-ache is very frequently met with. Valvular heart lesions are found with great frequency among Indian school-children. Though so like his fellow-creature in most of his complaints, the Indian is generally considered stoical. This is probably due to his having less acute sensation of pain. In spite of this, he is fascinated with anæsthesia. Doctor Holder makes some interesting observations on the use of intoxicants. He says he has not the slightest evidence that they are used by any northwest tribes unless supplied by white men.

Doctor Behr weighed a typhus patient daily and found that, after the first week, the patient lost seven pounds within five days at an average heat of 105° F. During the next five days he lost five and a half pounds at an average heat of 103° F During the next five days he lost four pounds at an average heat of 101° F. During the last five days he lost only one-fifth of a pound at an average heat of 99° F. And this was a mild case. If the fever continues much longer, the substance of the patient is so effectually burned up that he will die from sheer exhaustion.

Epidermin is pure beeswax artificially compounded into a liniment with water and glycerine. It is a milky, half-fluid substance, which attains greater consistency upon being exposed to the air. Spread upon the skin, it dries in a few moments to a tenacious, elastic and delicate pellicle.

Dr. J. D. Craig records the case of a woman, an inmate of an asylum, from whose body two hundred and eighty-six needles were taken during life.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Home Manners for Children.

There are few portions of household training that are more neglected than the education of children in the habits of eating. In the family it is the easiest thing in the world to grow careless or indulge in various practices not permissible in polite society, but, all the same, these habits are formed, and the children, as a natural consequence, grow up in such ways. It is small wonder that when they find it necessary to go out into the world they are obliged to have a thorough course of training to unlearn the habits of early life.

The only excuse for this is when the parents are themselves totally ignorant of the proprieties of life. It is a poor comment on bad manners when the young person in response to reproof says: "We always did so at home." And no parent should permit it to be possible for the child to cast any such reflection on the guardian of its tender years. It is comparatively easy, once the habit of discipline is established, to compel the observance of the rules that govern good society. If parents do not know them, they should realize the necessity of learning them before they attempt the training of little children.

It must be a very unhappy reflection to father and mother when they come to comprehend the fact that their children are in disgrace because of lack of correct teaching. But this is often the case, and, though children rarely accuse the parents of being the cause of such unpleasant consequences, there are many instances where young people feel it keenly.

It is unquestionably the fact that a good deal of what is complained of by parents as neglect on the part of children comes from the feeling that they have been allowed to grow up in ignorance of many things which they should have known, and have experienced so much annoyance and discomfort on this account that they feel sensitive and sore of spirit in consequence.

It is natural enough to feel a certain degree of resentment toward those who are the cause of serious unhappiness or social disgrace, and whether it is the parent or some one else seems to make no difference; indeed, the responsibility which attaches to that relationship but increases the discomfort.

Social-etiquette classes for the mothers of families might be a departure, but they certainly would be a lasting benefit to the rising generation.

A New View of the Half-Holiday.

"I suppose," said a young woman, who is employed in a large establishment, "that I may be looked upon as a monster of ingratitude or an unnatural sister or daughter, or any other sort of horror that any philanthropic person might imagine; but, all the same, the Saturday half-holiday is not an unmixed pleasure to me and a good many others in my situation.

"Of course, it's all very nice and kind and self-sacrificing for me to do whatever I can for the family, but, after working in the store from early till late all the week, coming home tired every night—so tired that I can scarcely keep on my feet until Saturday noon comes—it seems to me I am entitled to a little rest. You may not believe it, but Saturday afternoon and evening are the most trying hours of the whole week. It seems to be taken for granted that, when Saturday afternoon comes, I am in perfect condition to perform all sorts of services for all sorts of people. All the week little jobs have been accumulating, and it has been the steady, stereotyped remark: 'Well, put that away till Saturday. Then Maggie can fix it. She'll be home all the afternoon;' or: 'Oh, well, never mind, now. Maggie will do that on Saturday.'

"It never seems to occur to other members of the family that I might need a little bit of recreation or have plenty to do for myself. I don't want to be selfish or unreasonable or ungrateful, but I am absolutely wearing out under the continual strain of work in the store and the thousand and one things that are kept to fill in the little time that the half-holiday and out-of-store hours allow me. In three years that I have been taking care of myself and, I may say, adding to the income of the family, although this I am perfectly willing to do, there has never been a Saturday or a holiday that has not been over-full of things which have been kept 'for Maggie to do when she has time.'

"There are a great many young women in the stores and shops all over the country who absolutely dread the Saturday afternoons of summer more than any other time in the whole season. Of course, it doesn't do for them to say anything much, for they are immediately accused of all sorts of dreadful things. I remember one young woman who said that she wished there was no such thing as a Saturday half-holiday, for she would rather work in the store all day than go home and take up duties which she was entirely unaccustomed to, for when night came she felt utterly incapacitated for even sensible thought.

"You should have seen the look of horror that overspread the face of one of the men who listened to her conversation; and, do you know, I really think that expression of opinion ultimately cost her her place. I don't know why a girl in a store should be expected to pick up all the fag-ends of household matters on the only possible afternoon that she can have for recreation or rest. More than one girl has stayed in the store to do extra work rather than wear herself out in the service of those who take her help entirely for granted.

"There are, to be sure, two sides to this subject, and, as one benevolent old gentleman remarked: 'It seems a rather hard case that, after the daughter has been away all the week, she can't assist to lighten the home-burdens of the other members of the household.'

"That is all very well, and I appreciate the force of the argument; but, at the same time, I do object to being deprived of the rest which is the object of the half-holiday. Humanitarians and the army of well-meaning and benevolent persons by whose efforts the holiday has been secured argue that this amount of rest is necessary in order that the employee may do good service. I know perfectly well that I go back to the store Monday morning not one particle rested because of the holiday. The few hours out of the store have been more taxing to me than any corresponding number of hours during the entire week, and I am doing injustice to my employers and myself when I fail to improve the interval given me for restoration and to better fit me for the duties of succeeding days. I don't see any way out of it myself, and a great many other girls are in exactly the same condition. We do not object to helping at home under reasonable circumstances, but we do object to this demand on our time and strength.

"The Scripture text, 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak,' comes in very appropriately here, and I wish that philanthropists and humanitarians would for once in a way turn their attention from the very beneficial half-holiday itself to the use that is often made of it. The harm that is done is not from intention, but the effect is, all the same, ruinous to the girl."

An Unsolved Problem.

The unsolved problem of woman's existence is: Where shall she live? For some curious and unexplained reason it is not considered proper for a woman who earns her own living to dwell by herself. She must either have somebody belonging to her or have a home with her relations, or must keep up an establishment which is often very far beyond her means, but which she maintains at untold sacrifice in order to appease the wrath of gossip which ever lies in wait by her path.

It is one of the most unfortunate phases of the present-day woman's life that, while independent as far as ability to earn her own living is concerned, she is handicapped by a dread of Mrs. Grundy and her dear five hundred friends.

The problem of living was probably the first thing that drove the American woman into business. She wanted a home and the privilege of living in it unmolested and comfortable and set herself about to earn the wherewithal to provide it, but having done this she finds that she has added to her burdens in many respects without perceptibly lightening them in others.

As a matter of fact, she has assumed a man's responsibilities but has not taken on with them any appreciable amount of individual independence as far as a home is concerned. The man may occupy some snug little room and live in a rather inexpensive way and save money.

Of course, the woman may do this if she chooses to take the consequences, which are, as a rule, the criticisms of acquaintances and the disapproval of friends. That she does not feel able to pay for handsome apartments or that she would rather use her money in other ways matters not, and it is just here that there is urgent need of reform.

Snug, easy and relatively inexpensive locations are imperatively demanded, and while there is a great deal of talk about such places they do not seem to be in a fair way to materialize.

The problem in the largest cities is somewhat difficult to solve, owing to the exceedingly high price of real estate. Rents are of course high, and any sort of apartments is expensive.

Business women are waiting with no little anxiety for the apartment-houses that were promised as the result of some club meetings of a year or so ago. The need of them is so imperative that it is to be hoped that we may soon see something more than newspaper comment on the subject.

Out-of-Door Exercise in Cold Weather.

Very much is said about the necessity for out-of-door exercise, and in the ardent desire to fulfill all of the conditions of health many persons seriously expose themselves. Especially between seasons do they lay the foundation for years of suffering or, what is quite as likely, acute illness and sudden death.

It should never be forgotten that the cold winds of autumn are among the most insidious of all foes. One gets a bit chilled, but minds it very little, thinking that the feeling will almost immediately pass away, and continues on riding or driving until one finds oneself blue and pinched, and returns home with a sense of depression and weariness. Quite as likely one goes into a very warm room, and possibly falls asleep very soon. A sharp pain in the side attracts but little attention. One still fancies that one is merely chilled, and gives but little heed to it until it is too late to remedy the evil.

There are two or three things that every well-regulated person should take into consideration. The women and children of the family are, as a rule, too warmly dressed for the house. At the approach of winter, by the advice of the physician sometimes, sometimes from tradition, they put on very thick clothing, warm dresses and heavy shoes and hosiery. As a natural consequence, they are uncomfortable and in a mild perspiration most of the time. They feel so warm that the necessary additional wraps are burdensome; therefore, they go out with something light thrown around them; the clothing, damp from perspiration, gives them a chill, and, before they are aware of it, there are heavy colds or more serious complications.

The modern house, with heater or coal stoves, is, as a rule, sufficiently warm to permit of lighter clothing than most women wear. Many ladies who go out a great deal do not think of putting on flannels in the house. They wear silk or lisle or even the lightest grades of cotton knitted underwear, long hose, a flannel skirt and one petticoat of thin silk or light muslin. The vests are, for the most part, made with short sleeves, and the only covering for the arms is the dress-sleeves, with the usual lining, but when they go out they put on appropriate wraps, and rarely if ever take cold under such circumstances. A cloak which covers the whole figure, with high collar and sleeves which protect the arms, makes chilling almost impossible.

There is one point in going out to which much less attention is given, but which is more important than the careless ever imagine. This is the protection of the head and ears.

Delicate people should never go out without having some sort of wrap about the forehead and the sides of the head. The old-fashioned hood, which covered the top of the head and the ears, leaving merely the face exposed, was the ideal headgear for comfort and health. The sleighing hood comes somewhat near to it, but is in itself scarcely sufficient. It is made with too much regard for beauty and too little attention to warmth. It should fit the sides of the face closely, and when thus made, can be worn without a vail.

The vail, by the way, is a most objectionable article of feminine apparel. It is the oculist's best friend, its only real use being to shield the eyes from the glare of snow or too bright sunlight in hot weather.

For out-of-door exercise in autumn and winter, short skirts and moderately heavy shoes are imperative. In dry weather, light boots and toe-straps are most desirable of all. Many ladies find heavy shoes burdensome, but with toe-straps a kid boot may be worn, and thus the feet are kept from all danger of dampness, while the weight is so little as not to become at all wearisome. A long cloak, if properly cut and made, need not be inconvenient for walking. It should be buttoned but a short distance below the waist-line, and may fly back, unless the weather is extremely cold. With a collar, buttoned moderately high around the throat, a scarf is not required; indeed, is not at all healthful. Many persons merely turn up the back of the collar allowing the front of the throat to be exposed. Such a course, if properly begun, will almost insure one against throat difficulties. It is the wrapped-up throat that grows delicate. The hood for bitter cold days and a close hat with a thick vail drawn around the hat and knotted around the neck will be found the best protection.

Properly equipped, there is no reason why a woman may not, with safety to herself and great benefit to her health, spend two or three hours a day out-of-doors.

Dyspepsia.

"It is all very well to take treatment for indigestion and to worry about dyspepsia," was the remark of an experienced physician, after dismissing a number of patients, the other day; "but it would be a great deal easier for these people and better for the world if some little preventive measures were taken instead of letting everything go and patching up when conditions become unbearable. Half the people I know have violent attacks of indigestion because they will persist in eating hearty meals when in an exhausted condition. They seem never able or willing to realize that there are times when the system is in no fit state to grapple with a full meal. They come in tired and hungry, almost ravenous, not thinking that maybe a good deal of what they consider hunger is gastric irritation, then sit down to a table covered with the substantials of life and deliberately go to work to overtax the already strained vital powers. As a rule, paradoxical as it may seem, no person should eat when very hungry. The wise thing to do is to drink a cup of hot water with three or four tablespoonfuls of milk in it, sit down for five minutes and then begin slowly to eat and eat very sparingly.

"If this course were followed, I venture to warrant there would not be one case of dyspepsia where now there are a dozen. It seems to be the most difficult of all things properly to control the appetite. People who are not habitually great eaters are guilty of serious indiscretion in the time and manner of taking food. The great mistake of the day is the lack of consideration of the laws and necessities of the human system."

The Decoration of Cakes.

"No, I never send to the confectioner's for a decorator to finish my cakes," said an ambitious young woman. "I have kept my eyes open, and I find that with a little care and pains I can do quite as good work as the average confectioner. I rather pride myself on my cakes and have for some years taken a little trouble to perfect myself in the finishing and trimming of them. It is easy enough—indeed, it takes less time than to send them away or employ an expert, costs but a trifle, and in addition I find that my cakes have an individuality that the baker never seems to get.

"I have invented a series of little appliances that answer my purpose admirably, and as they are within reach of everybody I don't see why it should be necessary to send out of the house for such work. My first bit of machinery is some glass tubing about the size of the chimney of a student-lamp. Of this I have half a dozen pieces each about six inches long. To one end of each of these pieces of tubing is attached a bit of folded oiled paper. This paper is very thick and strong, and was gummed into funnel shape before being oiled. An ordinary spool of suitable size with a piece of soft linen tied around it has a handle made of a piece of pine whittled out to fit the hole in the spool. This makes a sort of pusher or plunger. The frosting is put into these tubes, the spool is gently pressed over it, and as it fits the tube tightly, a tiny thread of the prepared icing comes out through the point in the paper funnel. These funnels have openings varying in size from a lead pencil to a number eight cotton. With these I can form any decoration that it is possible to make with such appliances. I have molds for leaves and flowers, also a set of stencils which I prepared myself.

"For icing I take the whites of three eggs, add an equal amount of cold water and stir in XXX confectioner's sugar until of the right consistency. I spread this over the cakes, and when the first coating is nearly dry, fill one of the tubes, usually the larger one, and holding it above the cake press gently through the plunger, allowing the stream to flow out in any pattern I may desire.

"I like a heavy edge around the cake; therefore, usually make an interlaced scallop pattern with one of the larger sizes; then, with the smaller ones, I form all sorts of fanciful figures, letters, names, dates, leaf and flower outlines and the like. If I want a bit of color, I drop a colored confection into each scallop while the frosting is still soft.

"For colored icings, which I always prepare when there are youngsters or children, birthdays, holidays and visiting occasions, I put a drop or two of cochineal in a little water, allow it to boil a moment, then strain and set away to cool. By the use of this, one may obtain all shades, from the palest pink to a color as bright as is desirable. This is not at all objectionable, and adds greatly to the attractiveness of the cake."

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FASHION CORNER.

Fashion and Fancies.

It is one of the comforts of present-day fashion that, provided one keeps within certain limits, all of the ideas in dress which have been current within the last two or three centuries, may be selected from to make up a costume. But to do this, it is not for a moment to be lost sight of that appropriateness and harmony must guide and control every selection. It is the careless woman—one does not like to say the ignorant woman—she who jumps at a conclusion, or takes the thing that for the moment strikes her fancy, who brings reproach upon the name of fashion, and advertises herself as one unfit to select her own wardrobe.

One of the best guides for the ingenious and comprehensive amateur is a book of plates containing the costumes of the last three or four centuries. From such a source one may draw almost endless inspiration. It is well worth while to note the appropriateness of various portions of the costume, and no woman of artistic taste will make the mistake of using a sixteenth-century cloak with a twelfth-century bonnet or *vice versa.*

One of the most charming of costumes is modeled after that of an Italian lady two hundred years ago. It is copied almost exactly, certain modification, of course, being required to adapt it to present use, but the old-time Roman, Spanish and French dresses are very easily modified, and an ingenious designer will have no difficulty in turning out something very attractive.

The tendency toward yoke and cape effects on dresses appears to be on the increase. There are also wide turned-back collars with long fronts which extend even some distance below the ordinary limit of the bodice point.

Some of these collars also have pointed sections extending to the waist-line at the back, then spreading in wide postilion fashion. There are full fronts with flat bands of trimming from bodice-point to shoulder-seam, giving a suspender effect on the front, but these bands do not extend over on the back portion of the waist.

Sleeves, while still very full, do not stand up above the shoulders with any prominence. They droop in soft folds. This is partly on account of the absence of stiffening and partly because the new materials are so soft and rich that they naturally droop in graceful lines.

A very much admired reception-dress for a young lady has a princesse back and half-princesse front. The body portion of the front extends upward to a point below the bust; the upper portion of the front of the waist is in cut-away jacket-shape. There is a high collar with a ruche; the sleeves are of lace puffed very full; the front also is of lace gathered very full, and the skirt has a panel at either side also made of lace in accordion-plaitings.

Fashion Notes.

A very handsome house-dress is made of brocade and plain silk. The skirt is of brocade with rows of narrow, dark-colored velvet above the edge; the sleeves are of brocade in very full puffs from shoulders to elbows; the yoke is shirred in to a velvet collar; the fronts are of plain silk, with very closely set rows of velvet ribbon. The revers, short basque skirts and very deep cuffs are of plain silk elaborately embroidered.

Hair-dressing has reached the dignity of a fine art, and there is such direct and intimate relation between the arrangement of the hair and the hat or bonnet that one can scarcely imagine purchasing the one without taking careful account of the other.

A very handsome collarette is made of crêpe de Chine shirred into a standing collar of point duchesse. A wide fall of the same lace finishes the edge, drooping nearly to the waist-line at the back and falling down over the skirt in front.

A dress garniture is a wide-pointed belt of velvet edged with cords and drops, a collar and jacket fronts with considerable fullness gathered in at the collar and so arranged as to fall in jabot lines down the front.

Almost all bonnets are placed slightly back on the head, framing the face in becoming fashion.

Hats have brims faced with velvet and are trimmed with a profusion of soft ostrich tips.

Home-made crochet passementeries are among the newest styles of fancy work.

Black-velvet cloaks and very long circulars are again in fashion.

Green and magenta are among the popular French colors.

VENUS, THE EVENING STAR.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The moon was in the heavens, Rose Adair,
The soft stars sparkled in the summer sky;
We stood together, and I pointed where
Bright Venus, like a jewel, hung on high—
Venus, the Evening Star.

And as you looked your blue eyes caught the glow;
And as I gazed—rememb'rest thou, my heart,
That dimpled cheek, that brow of purest snow,
Those red lips lying just a thought apart,
Under the Evening Star?

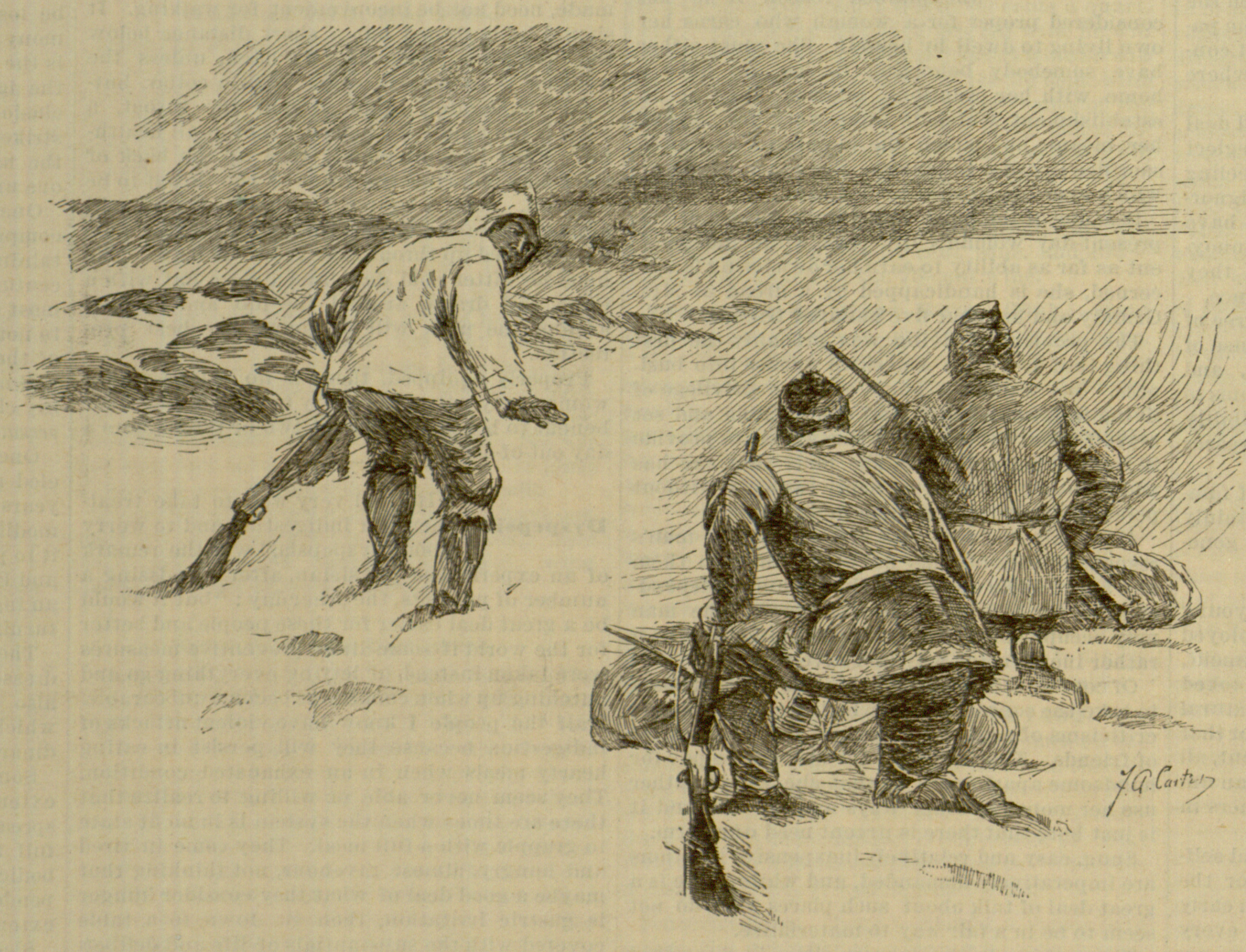
Love's star shone softly from the summer sky—
Love's light burned brightly in those dusky eyes;
We walked together lovers, you and I,
And for no lovers' dream were we too wise,
Under the Evening Star.

I know not where you are to-night, my Rose—
Long we've been parted in life's busy crowd—
But till these eyes in death's calm slumber close
I shall remember all the truth I vowed
Under that Evening Star.

HUNTING THE REINDEER.

BY LIEUT. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

In the Esquimau's struggle for existence with a niggardly nature, the reindeer of the north forms no immaterial part of the supplies for his well-being. Could we transfer the wool of our sheep, from which we make our winter-clothes, to our cattle, from which we obtain our greatest supply of meat, we might have an animal equally as useful as the reindeer is to the Esquimau, for to them it is both clothing and food. My party reached the northern shores of Hudson's Bay early in August, 1878, and at once found itself among the Esquimau of that country, who were eager to offer their services for such compensation in the way of trading material as the white men offered. I hired, directly and indirectly, large numbers of the men as reindeer-hunters, in order to procure skins for bedding and clothing and an ample supply of the meat, as the idea of using the flesh of the walrus or seal was very distasteful at first—a distaste, I might add, that was slowly overcome as we became accustomed to arctic diet. Before the natives, whom I liberally supplied with arms and ammunition, had been driven from their inland hunting-grounds by the extreme cold of approaching winter, in order to exchange their sealskin tents for the more comfortable houses of snow and ice, fully five hundred reindeer had been secured, and our minds were relieved of all anxiety regarding meat, clothing and bedding for the winter. Nearly as many more of the animals were secured during the winter, before our main sledge-journey was commenced. In the following spring, five hundred and twenty-two were added to the already large score of about one thousand, so my opportunities for studying the arctic deer were certainly ample. There only remains to be told the various adventures and the experience gained in these encounters with them.



"IF WE KEPT STILL THE ANIMAL WOULD MISTAKE US FOR A RIDGE OF ROCKS."

My first adventure with this game was one stormy day in November, 1878, when carrying about thirty-five or forty pounds on my back up a little inlet of Hudson's Bay, which was frozen over, and the soft snow which covered it about a foot in depth made walking seem like the work of a Hercules. The reindeer came out from a low point of land about five hundred yards ahead of me, and neither my white companion nor I would have seen him in the blustering storm. A nearly full-grown Esquimau boy with us detected him as soon as his horns came from behind the distant rocks. At his hurried whisper of "*Took-too! Took-too!* [Reindeer!]" we sank down, first to a sitting posture and then lay flat behind our bundles in the soft snow.

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered the young native hunter, as the deer walked toward us on the ice of the inlet. "*Manah timenah weahk* [Now same as stones]," he added, to show us that if we kept still the animal would mistake us for a ridge of rocks, several of which, protruding from the shallow waters of the inlet, were in sight even at that time, at least until the animal was near enough for a fair shot.

About twenty or thirty yards from us was a low point of land, on the west side of the inlet, up which we had been ascending; and as the deer, for about half a minute, would be concealed by a small, low island some two hundred yards distant, I suggested that we should try to gain it, if possible, as it was better adapted for concealment when the deer reached us. The island was very low, and even as we crouched down and ran we could see the tops of the reindeer's palmated horns above the ridge of the rocks that indicated the island's position in the flat field of snow. We barely made the point before he emerged, and, in fact, we had gone a little too far, and were retracing our steps a few paces to get a better place from which to shoot. At that moment we aroused about half a dozen ptarmigans a few yards away, which, in the most aggravating manner, went whirring, like so many rockets, straight for the island; and then, to add insult to injury, as soon as they had lighted near the animal and glanced at it, they went buzzing along again as if to impress upon him that danger was near. The reindeer stopped and with pricked-up ears surveyed the scene, and, evidently imagining that every protruding stone was an enemy, he started on the back track at a swinging trot, a gait that was increased to a run by one or two effectual shots at long range, and he soon disappeared over the rolling hills to the westward.

These polar partridges, the ptarmigans, are always most numerous during blustering, stormy weather, probably the winds blowing the snow off the ridges giving them a better chance then to search for their daily food. The proverbial "needle in the hay-stack" would be easy to find, compared with these pure white arctic grouse crouched in a snow-drift during a boisterous windy day, and when a traveller has his foot almost on one, it springs out from under him with a paralyzing suddenness, as destructive to the nerves as if the person had been about to step on a buzz-saw. They nearly always wait until one has passed them a short distance before they take fright, and the first sudden impression is that some wild beast has been lying in wait and has suddenly made a spring from the rear. This was noticeable on this particular day when we had passed the ptarmigan only a few feet, and as we were returning, crawling on our hands and knees, they startled us and frightened the larger game.

Of course, their presence there was merely accidental, and combined with losing the reindeer would not happen more than once in a hunter's life in the North.

Not so, however, with another bird that the Esquimau believes deliberately protects the reindeer in certain ways. This is the little "scissor-tail" gull, or tern, of the arctic, that is present in such large numbers over all the land near the seashores during the summer breeding season.

If a person is hunting anywhere near these localities at this season, he is always certain to be followed by one or two of these birds flying in the air above his head and making vicious plunges at him, which become nearer and nearer as he approaches their nest. If he approaches very close to it, they will often strike him over the head with their wings, screaming frantically all the time. I have frequently seen the Esquimau hunters kill them with their guns or with spears used as clubs when they made these dashes. As soon as a person sits or lies down to rest, if he pays no attention to them, their attentions become more and more marked, until he will find his hat knocked off his head, if he is wearing one, unless he hurls a stone or strikes at them.

This is exactly what happens when a reindeer is sighted. The hunter, lying in wait in the neighborhood of the animal's grazing grounds, finds a couple of scissor-tails hovering over him. His impression is that they are defending their nest a quarter of a mile away by their attacks and screechings. About the time the game has nearly reached fair gun-shot, these aërial pests begin their assaults at close quarters, for the hunter, hugging the ground closely behind a small stone or a bunch of grass, dares not move a muscle in opposition to the birds, and these open, noisy assaults often putting the wary deer on his guard, he trots away, to the utter disgust of the Esquimau, who now turns his attention to the gulls, and generally kills one or two with stones by way of revenge, before he leaves the spot.

I was once pestered by one of these guardians of the reindeer, while lying behind a big boulder, Winchester rifle in hand, awaiting one of these animals, which was grazing toward me, on King William's Land. When the reindeer got within about three hundred yards of me, he stopped, either being warned by the bird or finding an unusually fine patch of moss, where he kept grazing for about half an hour, until my patience was exhausted, when I tried a shot at that distance. His dark-gray body was so nearly like the ground back of him in color that, when I tried to take aim, he faded out of sight like a dissolving view, and it was not until he was "head on" and his body brought into relief by his white flanks that my game was down on the ground, kicking most ferociously in the air, and, picking up my hat, I walked toward him. When I was within thirty or forty yards, he got up on his fore-feet, and while I was reloading he jumped up and started to run toward the sea, about a mile distant. I then saw that I had shot him just above the hind-foot, which dangled in the air and delayed his progress considerably, but did not prevent his rapidly increasing the distance between us. Even the August days of the arctic are not very warm, and this was one in that month, but to a person who has spent a polar winter out-of-doors, travelling in the field, it is sufficiently warm when running a foot-race with a reindeer; at least, I thought so when I got to the end of the course. This brought me nearly to the end of a long finger-like point of low land, against which a breeze from the Arctic Sea was holding the ice-pack against the shore. The wind was not very strong, and the tide setting out had prevented the ice from packing solidly against the shore, but it was in disjointed cakes, separated by lanes of water. Across the forty or fifty yards of disjointed pack the wounded reindeer scrambled, and reaching the outer edge of it, he had started to swim across the bay, when I arrived on the scene. A shot from my rifle through his head put a stop to his progress at once. As he was too far beyond the ice to enable me to reach him, and I did not know the depth of the water where I would have to enter in order to pursue him, I took the surer method of wading out to him, and as I did so through the lanes of salt water up to my armpits, I am willing to acknowledge that it was the coldest undertaking of my life. I was afterward stripped in a temperature of sixty-eight degrees below zero, during the short time it took me to remove my clothes and get into a reindeer sleeping-bag in a snow-house, where the lamp had not been lighted to warm up the place. It was tropical, however, compared with a bath in that salt ice-water. A few months later, on this same King William's Land, the approaching cold weather of the winter of 1879 had sent the reindeer in numerous bands on their southward migrations, until they came to the narrow strait which separates this great island from the mainland. The strait not being frozen over, the number of deer which congregated at the narrowest point must have been well up into the thousands. The arctic reindeer is an almost amphibious animal and takes to the water as if he were web-footed, swimming across the lakes in summer, when the ice is off, if they lie in his way, rather than go twice the distance around them. When chased on to points of land jutting into the sea, the deer have been known to swim into the water until lost to sight, and nothing was afterward known of them. But it is somewhat different when they approach the straits, migrating southward, for the weather at zero is about cold enough to convert the salt water into a sort of mush ice, about the same as would be produced by throwing two or three feet of snow into the water. This would retard the animal's swimming, so that it would fall an easy prey to the many Netschilluk Esquimaux who congregate there to slay the deer.

My party killed twenty-six deer in a day, Toolooah, my best hunter, managing to secure twelve of them. He could have easily doubled or even trebled the number, but a dozen was the most he could slay and properly butcher, disposing of their meat and allotting proper attention to the skins that were destined for our winter bedding and clothing. During the last few days of September and the early part of October there were many times when a thousand reindeer could have been seen, looking from the top of the hill back of our snow-house on the edge of a large lake. One clear, cold night in early October the straits were frozen over sufficiently solid to bear them, and within forty-eight hours the vast multitudes of deer that had been swarming around us everywhere vanished southward like a fog swept away by a northern wind, and we saw no more reindeer until December 12, two months later, when we had reached Back's Great Fish River on our winter sledge journey to Hudson's Bay.

The incidents connected with meeting these two reindeer are worth relating. We had left the dangerous Rapids, on Back's River, which are open all the year. When the temperature is under fifty degrees below zero they throw out black clouds of steam resembling the smoke from a Mississippi steamer as viewed from a distance. We were travelling southward when we spied the two reindeer on the western hills bordering the river. They formed a most welcome sight after our long absence from them, and I was extremely anxious to secure both of them. We had been without fresh meat a long time. They ran on the ice-covered river and disappeared behind a long island in front of us, from which it was impossible for them to escape without our knowledge. Toolooah ran with all speed. To those who have trudged wearily through snow until fagged out, the gait which these Esquimaux hunters maintain is a marvelous thing. Toolooah ran to the lower end of the island and disappeared around it. In a few minutes we heard a sharp rifle-shot ring out on the clear, cold air, and expected and waited to hear another to show that the second deer had been secured. In a short time Toolooah was on the right ridge of the island signaling to us to send him some of the dogs from the sledge, which was unhitched and sent to him. It was then ascertained that he had killed both animals at one shot. On the sledge journey of nearly a year in length this had happened to him about a dozen times.

Advantage is taken of the reindeer's slight aversion, in fact, almost fondness for, the water, by those natives near the Arctic Sea, who are not provided with firearms. . Wherever there is a large lake or a wide river, they build little stone monuments, looking as much like the human figure as possible, about one hundred yards apart, along the crest of a ridge extending obliquely into the water and inland probably two or three miles. If a band of reindeer is found grazing inside the angle formed by the shore and line of stone monuments, a skirmish-line of Esquimau hunters is deployed around them, and the deer, supposing that the stone-piles are also human beings on the other side, take readily to the water, where the hunters pursue them in their *kiaks*, or light, skin canoes, spearing them or shooting them with arrows. Our sledge journey of nearly a year in length was nearly ended. and a terrible gale was raging which rendered travel impossible. There was no meat within, and out in the storm all the hunters went, most of them returning within an hour and reporting that it was useless to attempt to hunt in such a gale. Nothing daunted, Toolooah continued his search to the south, and there he found the tracks of three reindeer, which he followed at a dog-trot in a wide circle, which brought him north of the camp about the same distance—six or seven miles. This made a run of some twelve or fifteen miles in all. He secured all the reindeer, and by nightfall had them all in camp.

Of such stuff was my best hunter made, who that day closed the total score of the expedition at five hundred and twenty-two and two hundred and thirty-six for himself.

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NO WONDER THEY GROAN.

Groaning is permissible to the rheumatic. But the groans will soon cease when they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves the agonizing malady with gratifying promptitude. Indigestion, constipation, malarial ailments, sick headache, biliousness, nervousness and a lack of physical stamina are among the ailments overcome by this comprehensive remedy. —*Adv.*

◆

—Six marriages out of one hundred are made by "principals" who are both under age.

◆

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it. —*Adv.*

◆

SUCCESS IN LIFE

Depends, among other things, on good health, good living, good food, such as the "FERRIS" DELICIOUS BACON. —*Adv.*

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—See advertisement of Messrs. Chas. A. Stevens & Bros., Chicago, Ill., on last page and write for Catalogue. —*Adv.*

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MAKE YOUR OWN RAG CARPETS

On the Newcomb Fly-Shuttle Rag Carpet Loom. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Free Catalogue on application. See advertisement in this issue of the *Ledger*. —*Adv.*

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MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. —*Adv.*

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WHERE QUAIL AND DEER ABOUND.

The best quail shooting may be had in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., and the best deer hunting in the mountains of West Virginia. Both sections are accessible by Baltimore and Ohio Express trains from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. For detailed information as to rates, time of trains, &c., write to Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md. —*Adv.*

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THE BROADWAY CENTRAL HOTEL,

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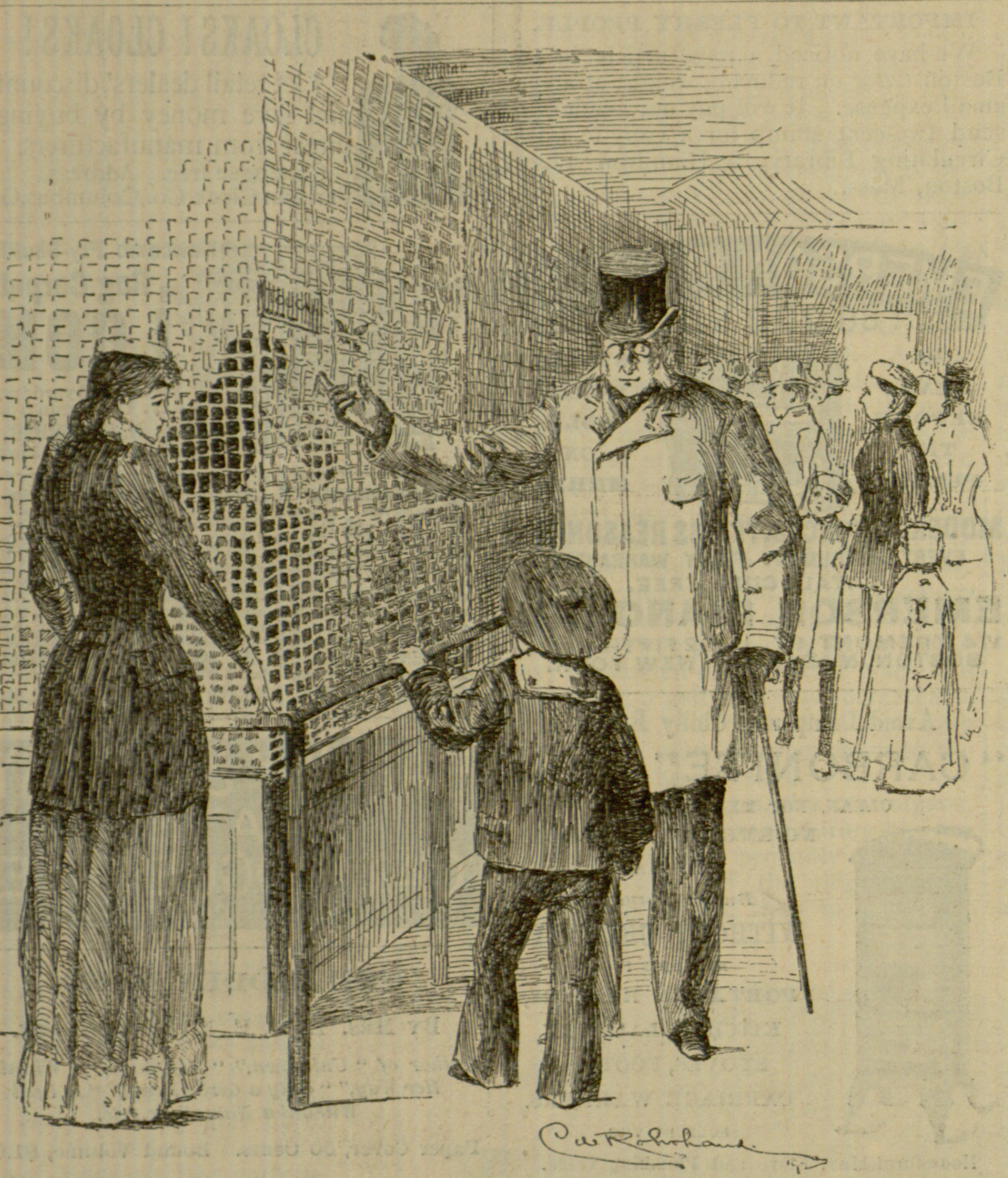

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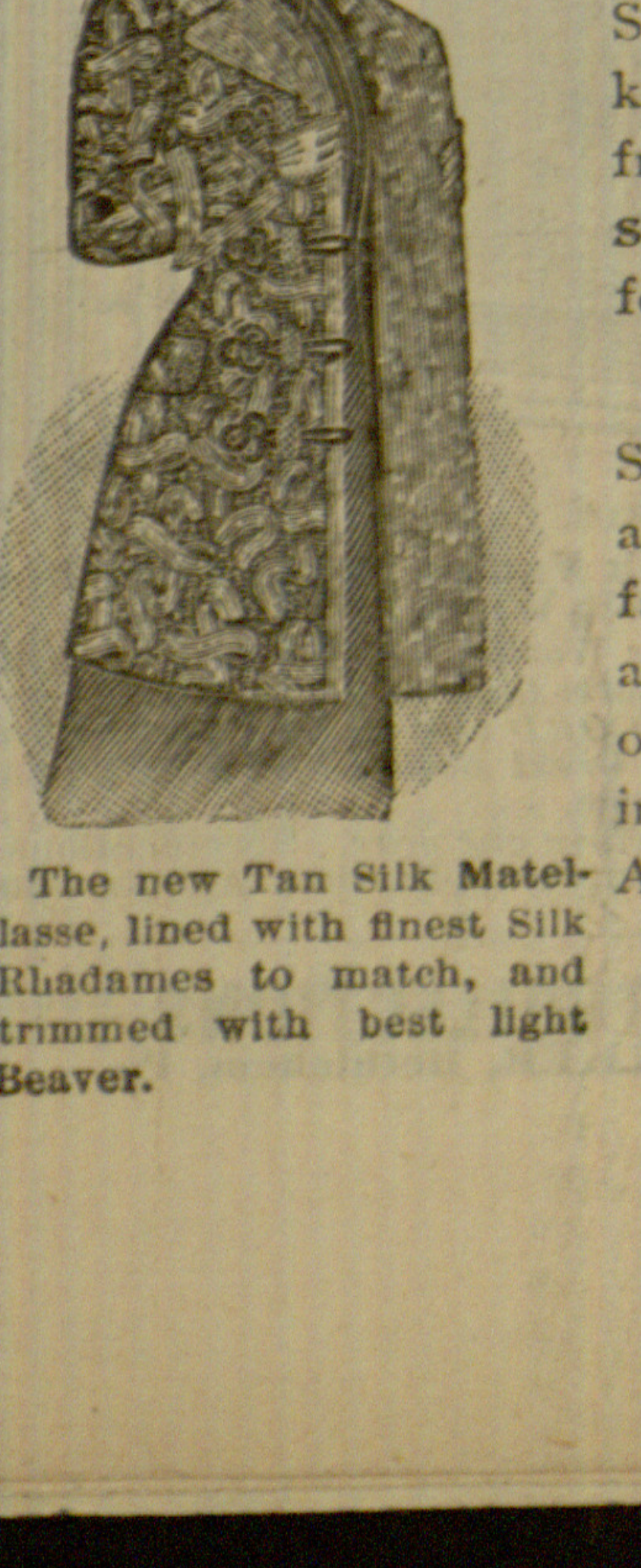

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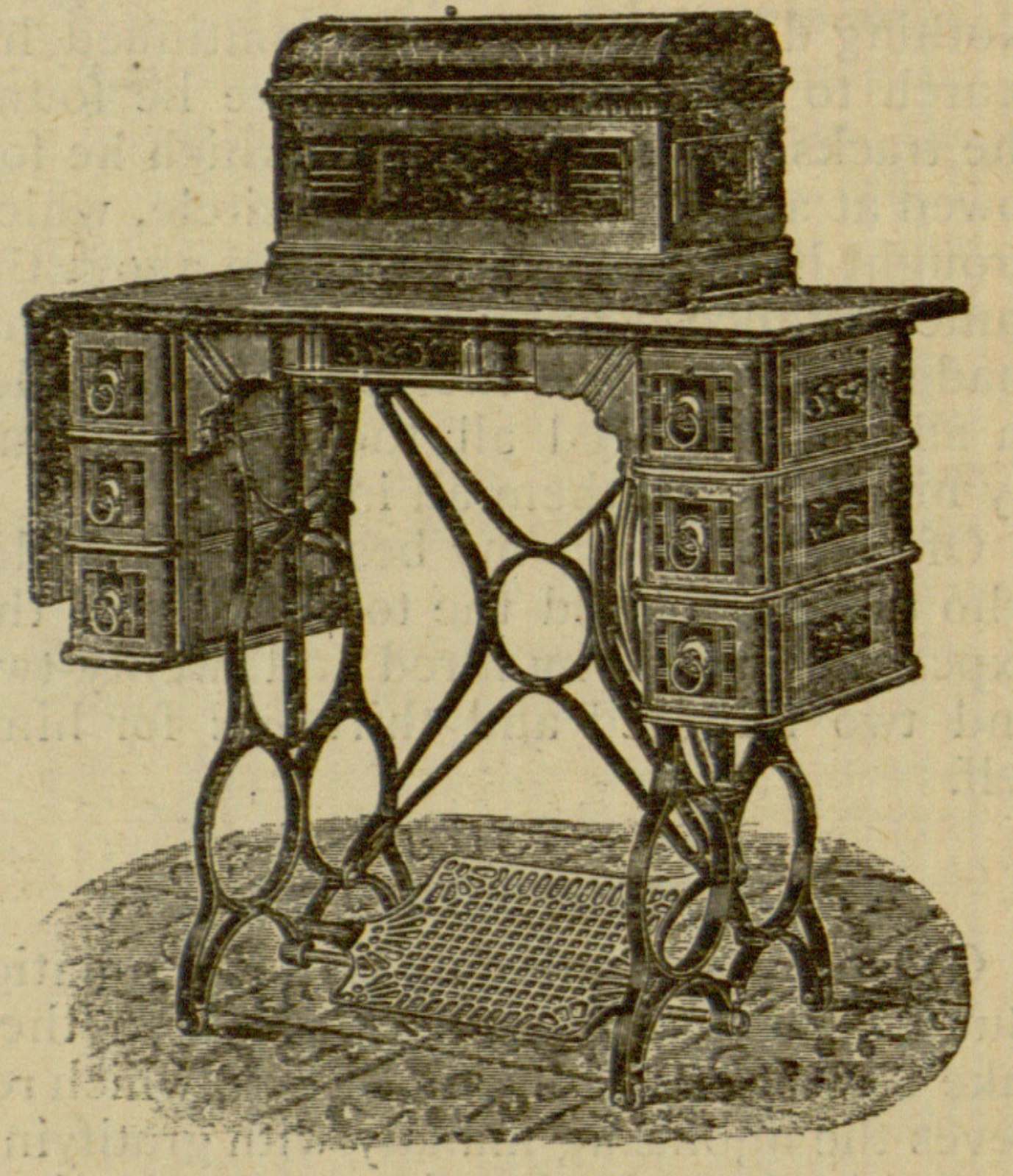

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